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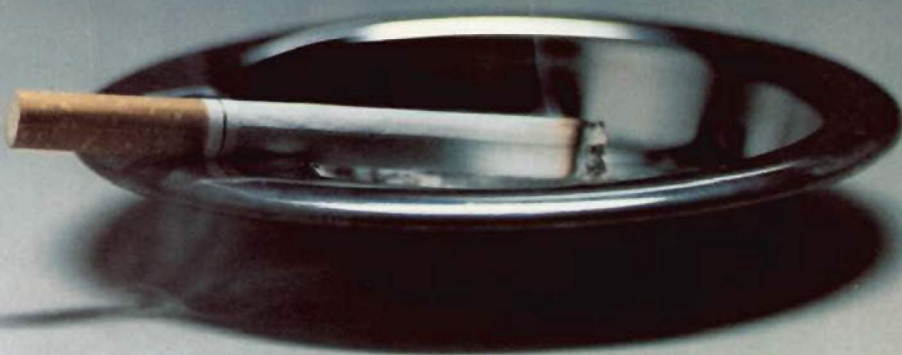
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Your Right to Choose

An article appeared in *Harper's* last February that bore the byline of M. J. Sobran. It turns out he's the senior editor of William F. Buckley's right-wing rag, *National Review*, and his piece was called "The First Amendment Makes Strange Bedfellows." I wouldn't advise you to look it up; it's written the way Easterners make Southern fried chicken—no spice, and heavy on the breading.

But I plowed through it with a dictionary in one hand and a glass of Alka-Seltzer in the other, and I finally figured out what Sobran was trying to say: The First Amendment was designed to protect certain kinds of communication only—that is, "respectable" speech or publications, not "despicable" ones. By "despicable" I think he means *HUSTLER*, for he mentions me by name, calling me a member of the "fraternity of pseudoconstitutional panders," which I guess means something *bad*.

Well, I suppose there are several reactions open to me when I get attacked in print like that. One way would be to ignore it, but that's no fun; another way would be to point out that his piece is written so badly that if he tried to get a job here, we'd kick his ass right out the door until he learned how to write simple English. A third thought that occurred to me is how similar his style is to that of Buckley, his boss: When you dig these illiterate turds out of Buckley's rectum, they all seem to smell the same.

But there's a more intelligent approach. I don't give a hoot what this pseudofascist bluenose thinks of me, frankly; but when he perverts the U.S. Constitution in print, and in a "respectable" magazine—albeit a journal that sells only around 300,000 copies a month as opposed to our 2 million—then he's fucking with something that you and I hold dear, and I'm not about to let that pass.

But I've written so often on the subject of free speech that I'm going to let some more educated minds than mine do the preaching for me. When I came back to the office after being convicted in Atlanta this spring for selling this magazine, I took the time to read the press coverage of the trial. The press in general was reluctant to defend *HUSTLER* itself, but all the opinion columns and editorials I read from the big national dailies expressed either a qualified or unconditional

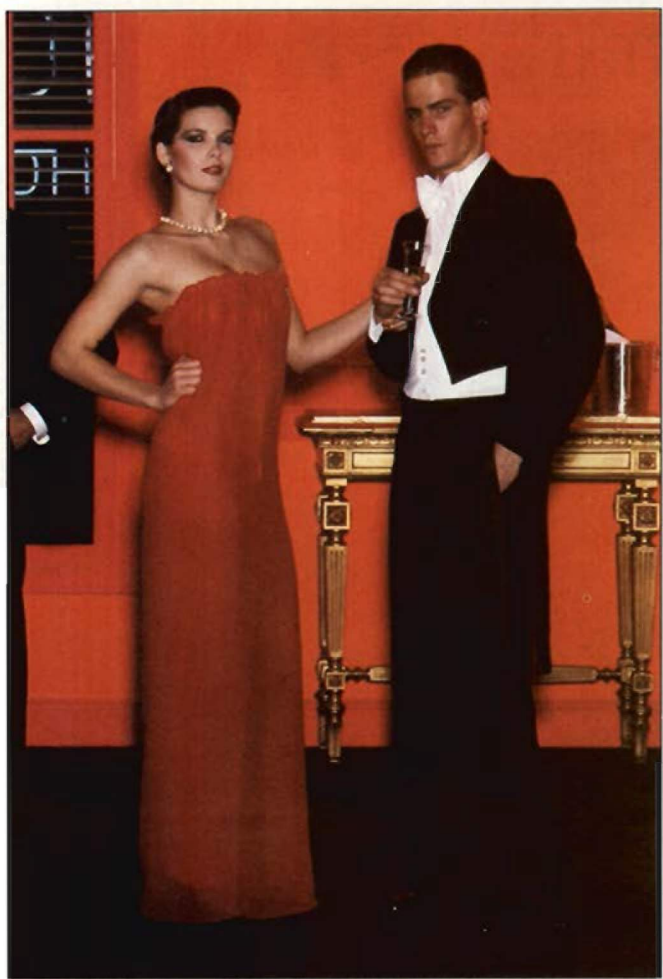
support for the principle of First Amendment rights as they applied to my case.

The *New York Times*, admitting that current obscenity laws are confusing, proclaimed that "in a mature and free society . . . [there should be] freedom for adults to read and view what they please." Lewis Grizzard, a fine columnist for the *Atlanta Constitution*, wrote the following during the trial: "When government starts trying to decide for the rest of us what is obscene and what is not, it's a tomfool exercise that leads nowhere." And Ron Hudspeth's column in the *Atlanta Journal* maintained: "The simple fact is that Hinson McAuliffe [Fulton County's prosecutor] has no more business judging what you should read or watch than I do. I keep returning to Justice Holmes's words: 'Freedom for thought is freedom for the thought that we hate.' Think about that."

Here's a final word on the subject of "despicable" magazines, and it comes from Alan Dershowitz, a distinguished professor at Harvard Law School. Talking to a *Newsweek* reporter last year about the indictment of Al Goldstein in Kansas, Dershowitz said: "*Screw* is a despicable publication, but that's what the First Amendment was designed to protect."

When you cut through all the bullshit, of course, a simple democratic principle shines through clear and bright. As adult Americans, you have the right to judge for yourself what is "despicable" and what is "respectable." In terms of reading matter in the marketplace, those two words refer to personal taste; *they have no other logical meaning*. And as an adult consumer in a capitalist society, you communicate your taste to the manufacturer by refusing to buy what you don't want to buy. No one can make you buy this magazine. But, by the same token, no one should *stop* you from buying it if you choose to.


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Chairman of the Board



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DON'T WANT
READERS
WITH GOOD
TASTE...**

**...WE
WANT
READERS
WHO TASTE
GOOD!**

Face it, Charlie, HUSTLER isn't fishing for readers who wear tuxedos while they play their violins. We don't even care if you can tuna violin. HUSTLER is looking for readers who are hungry for red-hot photo-spreads, spicy features, gutsy humor and good, old-fashioned, down-home readin'.

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August is vacation time, the best month for taking that hard-earned time off work to relax and lay back in the sun. And we've designed this issue to help you catch up on some of the world's most pressing problems as well as to stimulate and entertain you.

Granted: With inflation making it almost impossible to feed your family without taking out a bank loan, and with the country being run by a man who's managed to give peanuts a bad image, there's good reason to stick your head in the sand. But there are some issues that can't be sidestepped—like the addle-brained minority in this country who figure they have the right to tell us what we can and can't read. While it's scary to think that the U.S. Constitution was never on these people's reading lists, their ignorance is downright frightening.

Former HUSTLER Editorial Director **BRUCE DAVID** encountered this group head-on when he traveled to Atlanta to cover the latest bluenose assault against Larry Flynt and HUSTLER in the name of "justice." Justice? David reports that the trial was a bad joke and that the verdict against Larry and HUSTLER was **THE RAPE OF JUSTICE**. His analysis provides you with a front-row seat in the courtroom, raising some questions about the future of free speech—questions we must all consider quickly, before we no longer have the option. The spirit of the cracker-box proceedings was captured by **GARY HALLGREN**, who has become a regular HUSTLER contributor over the past few years.

Ignorance is a threat to our well-being no matter where and how it manifests itself. And it's not surprising that the same self-appointed moral arbiters who want to regulate what we read are against sex education in our schools. Their attitude is, let the issue of the birds and the bees be taught at home. Apparently, the home-education plan isn't as comprehensive as it should be. **TEENAGE PREGNANCY: BORN OF IGNORANCE**, a report by **FLO KENNEDY** and **IRENE DAVALL**, reveals that there is an epidemic of VD and unwanted pregnancy among today's teens simply because they don't have adequate knowledge of their sexuality and



the responsibilities it entails. Countless thousands of young people often find their plans for the future aborted and themselves ostracized from their families because of an antiquated educational system. Los Angeles-based illustrator **JOHN LYKES** furnished the artwork for this sobering piece.

On a lighter—but equally interesting—note, ignorance is sometimes embarrassing, particularly to those of us who might fall into the chauvinist-pig category. For years many men have assumed that they've had a lock on the adult-entertainment field. After all, men get turned-on by erotica and no self-respecting lady would. Right? Wrong!

New-York based free-lancer **ELLIN RONEE POLLACHEK** tells us women enjoy porn just as much as men do, even though they respond differently. Her analysis **WOMEN AND PORNOGRAPHY: EQUAL STROKES FOR EQUAL FOLKS** should be a real eye-opener for some men and may also provide some hints as to what gift to buy your honey the next time that special occasion pops up. The accompanying art was furnished by **CHRIS BUTLER**, who has done work for *Oui*, *New West* and a number of other publications.

The third piece of writing this month to carry a female byline is **FRIGIDITY: BREAKING THE ICE**, an informative *Sex*

Play by two experts in the field of sexology. **DR. MARGO RILA** serves on the faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, in San Francisco, and both she and **MS. LEE OLIVIER** are on the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Sex Information Center. Who says we're male-chauvinist pigs?

Still, many of our critics accuse us of hitting below the belt, and so this month we've really done it. In response to a tremendous number of reader requests, we proudly present **16 CELEBRITY COX**, an update of last year's feature. These caricatures of male celebrities were done by **TOM HACHTMAN**, who managed to catch the subjects with more than just their guard down.

Destiny deals a few low blows to the main character in this month's fiction—**RED FERGUSON**. Poet and writer **JAMES DALESSANDRO** penned this moving ballad of an outcast who's forced to fight destiny with both hands tied behind his back. **DAN KIRK**—who has become a HUSTLER regular—provided the illustration for Dalesandro's work.

And to keep things hot our photographers really worked up a sweat putting together this month's photo-features. Since we've moved to L.A., we thought it was the perfect time to find out if all those rumors about how to get into the movies are true. Former HUSTLER Photo Editor **FRANK DeLIA** did a little research and found that **THE CASTING COUCH** is more than just a metaphor. And now that photographer **SUZE RANDALL** is a mother, she has baby-sitters to contend with. On a recent outing Suze left cookies and Coke in the fridge with instructions: **MARY, PLEASE, NO BOYS WHILE WE'RE OUT**. She returned early and found that her sitter followed instructions to the letter—although she did have a female friend over. And **JAMES BAES** presents **MICHELLE**, this month's freckle-faced centerfold. We all wish she lived next door to us.

In closing, we'd like to thank Baes for this month's cover and wish you all an enjoyable vacation. And if you plan on traveling, don't forget to pack the three essentials: your swimsuit, some suntan oil and this issue of HUSTLER! 🐷



Bruce David



James Dalessandro



Flo Kennedy



Irene Davall



Tom Hachtman



Ellin Ronee Pollachek

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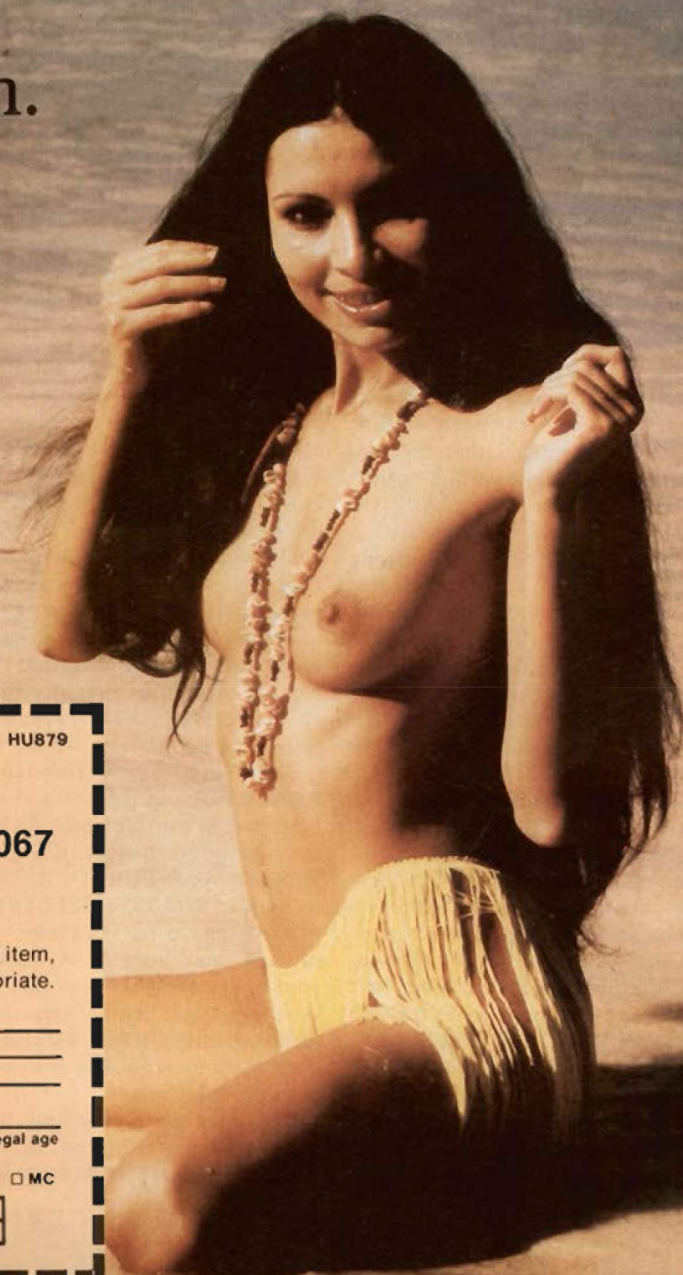
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HER TRAVEL KIT (1530)

HIS TRAVEL KIT (1531)

THE GAY TRAVEL KIT (1532)

Penguins in Peril: We protest your treatment of the noble penguin in the shocking cartoon on page 72 of the May HUSTLER. Your depiction of this animal as a lackey of organized religion is intolerable. Penguins are free thinkers that subscribe to no particular religious sect. They are liberated souls that pay homage to no one.

Our organization, Penguins in Peril, is dedicated to protecting the rights of penguins whenever it's convenient. Although the salaries of the officers and the costs of entertainment and travel have kept our treasury empty, we hope to acquire several massive government grants that will allow us to increase our salaries, entertainment and travel expenses. We have fond hopes that sufficient funds will be left over to help an occasional penguin.

By unanimous vote the officers of Penguins in Peril have elected to subscribe to HUSTLER. In this way every month we will be able to remove one copy of your vicious rag from public circulation. We pray that others of conscience will make similar sacrifices to the cause of those cuddly little waddlers.

—Richard Scheuler
(Grand Exalted Penguin)
Dennis D. Albright
(Penguin Wizard Emeritus)
Penguins in Peril
Red Bluff, California

Dotty Dilemma: You've got a great magazine—I particularly like your rating guide for adult movies—but you really blew it with those stick-on blue dots that covered parts of the *Hayloft Harvest* photo-set in your May issue. When I look at a picture, I want to see all of it! Any more boners like that and I'll start buying the competition. No more cover-ups, please.

—Jack Bridgewater
Beaver City, Nebraska

What the hell is going on? I hated your May issue because of all those fucking blue dots! I would never have believed that Larry Flynt would turn into a pussy and let down the real men and women of this planet.

HUSTLER used to be tops on my list—the leader among magazines. Please quit putting blue dots over cocks before you lose any more readers.

—A Very Pissed Reader
New Orleans, Louisiana

I'm returning to you the black dots that were used to cover the cocks in the May issue of HUSTLER that went on sale in Oregon.

This may surprise you, but I want to thank Larry Flynt for his stand on obscenity. If it weren't for him, I'm sure I'd find these damn black dots on every cock, tit and cunt in every magazine in the country.

—Garry Scarff
Portland, Oregon

When I bought my May HUSTLER just



**JESUS
IS COMING
SOON
AND BOY,
IS HE
PISSSED!**

A PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT PAID FOR BY HUSTLER MAGAZINE

now, I found to my amazement that every picture that showed a penis was censored with peel-and-stick blue dots. Some pictures had more than one.

Did this censorship originate with Larry Flynt Publications due to any changes in the law, or was this a case of magazines being intercepted along the route of shipment and distribution by someone else? And, more important, why did it happen?

—Pamela Betts
Reseda, California

HUSTLER does not believe in censorship. We don't censor our magazine. However, certain wholesalers around the country did put dots in some HUSTLERs. In those areas where sexually explicit material is repressed, it's better to have a dot than not.

Is Jesus Pissed? When I saw Larry Flynt on the *Phil Donahue Show* recently, I noted the deranged, weeping woman protesting the slogan you printed on the back cover of the May HUSTLER: "Jesus is coming soon and boy, is He pissed!" Her rage was a typical display of obsessed "Christian" fanaticism. I suspect that it was a "righteously indignant Christian" who almost murdered Larry the first time, just as Christ, Gandhi and countless other revolutionary thinkers have been successfully murdered through the centuries.

I'm sure Jesus is pissed at these sick fanatics; I know I am. Christ be with you, but watch out for the "Christians"!

—George Smith
White Salmon, Washington

Editor's Note: George Smith has been drawing the "Smith Family" comic strip for the Washington Star Syndicate for the past 30 years.

After watching Larry Flynt on the *Phil Donahue Show* today, I would like to comment on the statement he made that "Jesus had a sense of humor too."

The quote comes from an LP record entitled *The Kennedy Wit* (RCA Victor VDM-101, 1964) and forms part of the introduction given by the late Adlai Stevenson. In speaking of wit and the lack of it, Stevenson reportedly says: "When political humor was more in fashion, Robert Ingersoll once said: 'Solemnity is a condition precedent to believing anything without evidence.'" Stevenson went on to say that solemnity "often masks the twin sins of self-righteousness and intolerance for the opinions of others."

In general, we all tend to be solemn, both as citizens and as church members. This solemnity grows from the fear of making fools of ourselves and from the fear we have of the opinion of others. As a result many people become church members, for instance, for purely social, superficial reasons, and under these circumstances it is quite

easy for the aggressive—not the meek—to dictate to others what is right and what is wrong.

—Name Withheld by Request
Bowling Green, Kentucky

I saw Flynt by chance on the *Phil Donahue Show* yesterday. Boy, I wish I'd been in the audience! When that stupid woman worked herself up into a frenzy of emotionalism over your use of Jesus' name on the back cover of the May issue, I would not have come to Flynt's defense with statements like "I never read HUSTLER Magazine, but people who want to should be able to." I would have told them, straight out, "Yes, we work for a living. Yes, we're raising children. Yes, we enjoy Mancini, Shakespeare, the Washington Bullets and disco dancing. And yes, we really enjoy reading HUSTLER Magazine!"

There isn't another periodical that comes into our house that gets us working on ourselves so effectively—our attitudes and beliefs, not to mention our hang-ups—the way HUSTLER does. My husband Charles and I were up to 3 a.m. one morning trying to get to the bottom of whether Honey should have an abortion.

I was very impressed by the strength that Larry Flynt showed on the Donahue program. I can still see him in my mind, with no more than a lawyer at his elbow, tolerating all that drivel that came filtering up from the audience. I wish that he could have brought some of his readers with him to show that television audience that everyday people like me read and enjoy HUSTLER

each month, and wouldn't be without it.

—Dianne Betsey
Silver Spring, Maryland

My Lord! I'd appreciate it very much if you would refrain from the association of my Lord with your magazine as evidenced by the sarcastic notation on the back cover of your May issue. I feel that a great many people who are thinking of joining the family of God could be adversely affected by such indiscriminate references to Jesus Christ.

—Richard Evans
Orange Park, Florida

You're the one who thinks it was sarcastic, Richard, not us. Incidentally, He may be your Lord, but He's our Lord too.

Yes, Jesus is coming soon, and He is pissed! And one of the main things he's pissed about is a certain shit-brained pornographer. You may have heard of him—he's made millions of dollars selling the most perverse, degenerate material imaginable, all the while trying to cloak this filth and blasphemy in high-sounding phrases about "free speech" and "human rights." He's even tried to ease his tortured conscience by invoking the name of Jesus Christ.

Of course, this fellow has obviously never read so much as one page of the Bible. If he had, he would have heard about the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the citizens of which were burned to a crisp for exercising "free speech" and "sexual freedom."

I invite Mr. Flynt to ponder this on his next trip to the bank.

—Name Withheld by Request
Lompoc, California

Second Coming: I just finished reading Richard Paget's fiction *The Second Coming* (May). I thought it was one of the best stories that your magazine has ever published. I read HUSTLER every month, and I think it's the best magazine on the market.

Please keep the male/female centerfolds coming.
—Andrea Ponican
Detroit, Michigan

When I read Richard Paget's story *The Second Coming*, I got so ticked off I could have torn the magazine apart. It really sucked shit. I'm a regular reader of your magazine, but your attitude toward God disgusts me. I don't appreciate reading about Him in HUSTLER, and I think that Larry Flynt is an atheistic asshole for approving the story. In the future, keep God out of your magazine.

Incidentally, did you ever notice how Hugh Hefner always dresses respectably, usually in a suit? But whenever we see Flynt's picture on the publisher's page, he's usually wearing an old scummy sweatshirt. He's an ugly, grungy, scuzzed-out fuckhead, and it makes me sick to look at him. Every time I look at him, I feel like puking on his face.

—Name Withheld by Request
Kent, Connecticut

Opinions are like assholes; everyone's got one, and you've expressed yours.

Cutting Remarks: I've been buying HUSTLER on and off for several years, but Tim Conaway's article on circumcision (*The First Rip-Off*, May) was the first piece in your magazine that I've read from start to finish. It interested me because I'm not circumcised—perhaps because I was born in France, where the practice is not prevalent.

It was a very well-written article, and I agree with Conaway that being different (uncircumcised) can be traumatic for a guy in our culture.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

On your circumcision article: When my son was born, my wife and I were handed a circumcision-consent form by the doctor. He didn't tell us what it was; he just said, "Here—sign this!" When I found out what it was, I told him to tear it up, and I'd like all prospective parents to think about this:

My son is the owner of his body. He was born with a foreskin, together with everything else. I, as his father, have no right to decide what parts of his body he keeps or he loses. When he's old enough to decide for himself, he can make any decision he likes.

Like so many Americans, I was circumcised as a baby, and I'm outraged that it happened. I've actually been turned down

(continued on page 22)

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO S.P., WEST JEFFERSON, OHIO

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

How much is your cock worth? A Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, man recently settled for a payment of an estimated \$825,000 after his penis was accidentally amputated just before his wedding. Harold Michael had entered a local hospital in May 1974 for treatment of an undescended testicle, a relatively routine procedure. According to court testimony, however, 70-year-old Dr. Walter Nettrour is said to have inadvertently amputated the patient's penis. The doctor, now retired, described the outcome of the operation as a "shame."


It may only be puppy love, but not to one broken-hearted and pissed-off Rhode Island high-school student; the guy is threatening to sue his Cumberland, Rhode Island, high school for refusing to allow him to bring a male date to his junior prom. Standing behind the student are the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Gay Task Force, although the so-far-anonymous youth admits he's had no luck persuading his father to side with him.

Being Jewish has never been easy, but it's getting positively dangerous in New York City, which boasts the presence of the Reverend Cantor Mindy Fliegelman, who claims to be "the only blind woman cantor in the country." The Rev not only sings like a bird, but she's licensed "to perform all the ceremonies and rituals of the life cycle, including circumcisions." Maybe she uses a seeing-eye dog.

In an attempt to resurrect his controversial film on Jesus Christ's love life, producer Jens Joergen Thorsen has filed suit to force the Danish government to resume its funding of "The Sex Life of Jesus." The Danish authorities withdrew their support following an international uproar by Christian groups objecting to Thorsen's plan to depict what he feels are some of Christ's more private moments, including a sizzling sex scene between Jesus and Mary Magdalene.

Playing doctor sure isn't kid stuff in Houston, where Thomas Fortrand received a six-year sentence after allegedly impersonating a physician and convincing women to engage in sex with him as a cancer "cure." Fortrand reportedly diagnosed two of the women as having Hodgkin's disease and offered them his "miracle treatment," which consisted of injecting himself with a "secret formula" and then screwing his patients--literally.

Sweden has once again taken the lead in the fight against child abuse, as the Swedish legislature recently voted overwhelmingly to outlaw spanking. Scandinavian sociologists apparently have convinced authorities that spanking doesn't improve childish behavior and that the spankee merely tends to become the spanker later on. The new law carries no penalty, although lawmakers hope it will encourage concerned neighbors to file spanking complaints with the police. Parents, however, maintain the right to hold their breath until they burst if the kids don't respond to reason.

Politicians aren't the only ones in Washington, D.C., on "both sides of the law." Police officer Bonnie Davenport, formerly Ormus W. Davenport III before a sex-change operation last November, has resumed work on the D.C. scooter patrol. The public is in good hands with Miss Davenport, according to her superior, who described the woman as "conscientious, dedicated and capable" before the operation, adding, "I think she will be a good police officer again." 

Mysterious Eastern Love Tool

From the mystical, sensual East, home of the KAMA SUTRA positions, comes the sexiest new imported product of the year from 'Doc' Johnson. Be the first to own the new 'Doc' Johnson 8 1/2" multi-speed vibrator for the ultimate turn on. This powerful, quiet vibrator gives a choice of six sexy screw-on heads, which will give you six imaginative sensations. This advance in the sexual technology of the Far East, comes complete with its own set of batteries ready to drive you and your lovers to new heights of sexual delight.



Send me _____ Six-headed Love Tool(s) @ \$14.95 ea. plus \$1.50 postage and handling first item; \$1.00 ea. additional item. (Add appropriate Sales Tax.)

Please print

Total enclosed \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Signature _____

I am of legal age.

Enclosed is my ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC.

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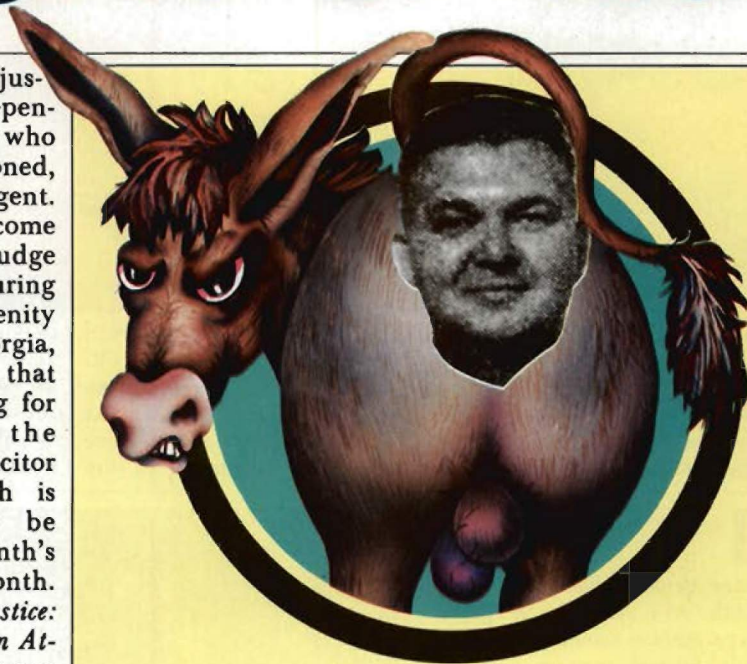
Bits & Pieces

In a court of law, justice is largely dependent on a judge who is impartial, seasoned, scholarly and intelligent. All of which might come as a surprise to Judge Nick G. Lambros. During the HUSTLER obscenity trial in Atlanta, Georgia, it seemed sometimes that Lambros was looking for justice between the cheeks of the Solicitor General's ass—which is how he comes to be selected as this month's Asshole of the Month. [See *The Rape of Justice: HUSTLER on Trial in Atlanta*, beginning on page 36.]

It's not really difficult to understand why Judge Lambros might want to curry favor with the prosecutors. On appearances, at least, there is much in this world that Lambros doesn't understand. He may not understand the *Miller* decision handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court, he may not understand the complicated issues involving the First Amendment, and he may not understand the changes taking place in today's society.

But, by God, Lambros understands not understanding. So he must feel deeply indebted when he is offered help by someone who has at least mastered such mystifying feats as changing a typewriter ribbon and tying a shoelace.

This justified lack of confidence in his own decision-making ability is a tradition with Lambros.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Nick G. Lambros

In April 1978, more than 18 months after he was sworn in as judge, he reversed a controversial decision after being needled by journalists. In that case Lambros originally found millionaire and former legislator Fletcher Thompson not guilty of illegal beer sales. Newsmen who found something fishy in the judge's decision questioned the not-guilty verdict. Under this pressure the judge reversed his decision the next day—in private, with the defense

present but with the prosecution's witnesses excluded.

Lambros explained his change of mind like this: "You have to understand I'm a new judge and have a lot to learn. This kind of situation will never occur again."

A new judge? After 18 months on the bench? How many other little "mistakes" has he made that have eluded the attention of the press?

In any case, it would appear Lambros has since learned to get his gui-

dance from the prosecutors, who are more than willing to help him with those really complicated points of law—like determining a legal precedent or buttoning his robe.

This is basically what happened during the Atlanta trial. Lambros was totally outgunned by defense attorney Herald Price Fahringer (some say Lambros could be outgunned by a jellyfish), and was overwhelmed by the body of law dealing with the obscenity issue. Thus, like a frightened rat scurrying for its hole, he sought the refuge of the prosecutors' table. The prosecutors might not be intellectual giants, but it is unlikely Lambros would recognize that fact.

The trio of "farts in the wind" who manipulated the judge are not much better than Lambros himself. The henchmen of Fulton County Solicitor General Hinson A. McAuliffe—Leonard Rhodes, George Weaver and Andrew J. Hairston—live in a world that is closed and narrow. Their ideas have all been formed previously, and they look at anything new with suspicion and fear.

This may explain why they probably know more about Einstein's unified-field theory than they know about pleasing their wives. We suspect that if their genitalia were somehow to magically disappear, it would be several weeks before these guys even noticed.

You Saw Her Here First



When we saw Bambi Woods, the star of the porn flick *Debbie Does Dallas*, we thought she looked familiar. Sure enough, she was the selfsame model who appeared in a couple photo-fea-

ture entitled *Hard Day's Work* in the October 1978 HUSTLER. The film has generated some legal problems: The Dallas Cowboys' Cheerleaders have filed a suit attempting to stop

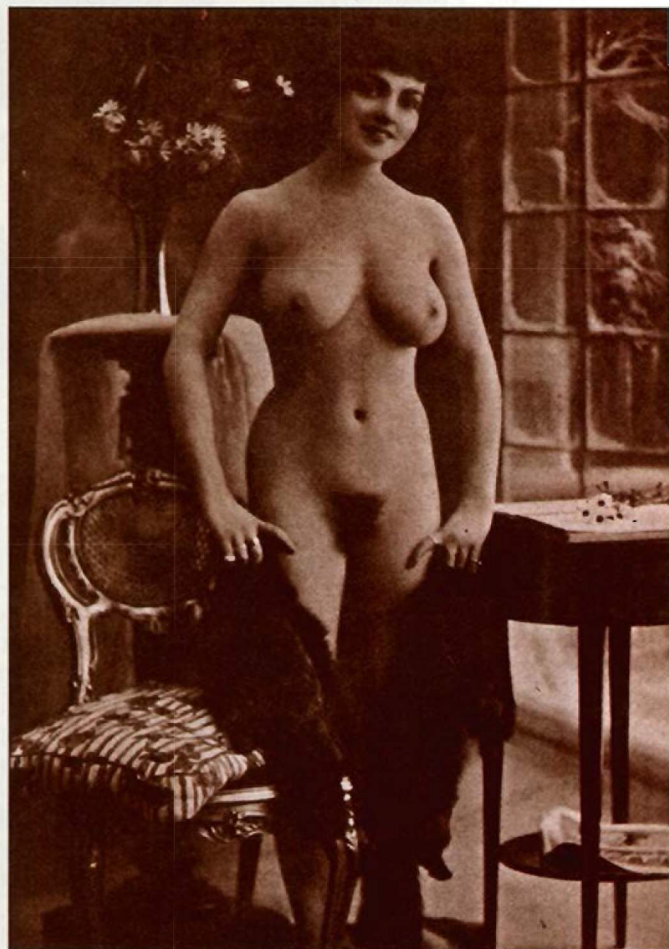
the distribution and showing of *Debbie*. The cheerleaders say the X-rated movie gives the incorrect impression that Woods was once an official member of their organization.

Irreverend Al

The closest Al Goldstein's ever come to godliness is kneeling in front of Reverend Ike's golden throne, so in a typical display of sour grapes (*Screw*'s centerfold, February 5, 1979) he tried to

come between Larry and Miss Ruth. Al's idea of a religious experience is smelling the pews at a Bowery mission, and he expects the same from everybody else.

Larry Flynt and Ruth Carter Stapleton Celebrate The Second Coming



Ooh La La

While Americans were tinkering with lightbulbs and telephones, the French were improving another great invention—the photograph. As this postcard shows, the state of the

art was pretty well-developed by the turn of the century. But don't expect to see voluptuous mademoiselles like this one through your viewfinder today, because their granddaughters find it more alluring to be all skin and bones.

Great Moments in Porn #4

Alexander Graham Bell makes the first obscene phone call.



American Express

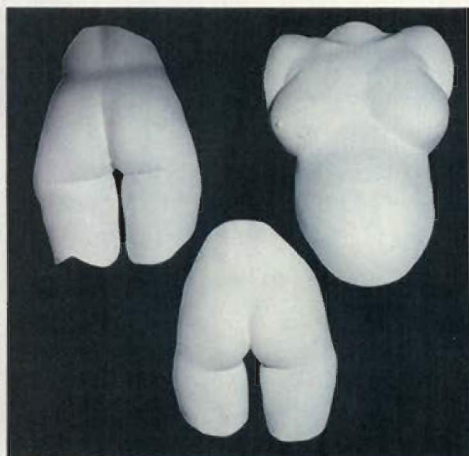
It's 8:05 in the morning. You're as horny as a hoot owl, but you have to be at the office at 8:30 sharp.

you do?

Don't travel with a hard-on. Use the American Express, the quick and handy fuck. Don't leave home without it.

Getting Plastered

If you'd like to get a piece of ass from your girlfriend, get her plastered first. At the Pleasure Chest in Los Angeles people are paying Jim Coleman good money to cast a plaster mold of their bodies, from which they can make replicas. You can do the same thing—send parts of yourself to your friends and lovers, or simply preserve your assets for posterity.



Revoltin' Development

I Crawled



I Walked



Iran





Computer Date

This guy got tired of going steady with Auntie Thumb and her four daughters, so he went to a computer-dating service and got lined up with a bionic sex doll. Her push-button controls and special mammary banks make her an ideal mate. This ingenious creation gets a big charge out of "simple things," like wall sockets, and can carry on conversations with all kinds of people and several models of toasters. However, she's not self-lubricating and with improper care could rust, causing a severe case of weirdfukrstuknthemachinitis.



Coke Adds Life

According to this former executive, the controversy about cocaine being an addictive and harmful drug is a load of bullshit.

He tells us, "Sure, it may affect some people, but not me."

Along Came Jones

Although our sister publication, CHIC, doesn't have HUSTLER's balls, it does occasionally match us in tastelessness. For instance, the May issue featured the "Jim Jones Guyana Joke 'n' Croak Book," which proves once and for all that CHIC will stoop even to our level in order to gross out its readers.



Who's that behind those Foster Grants?



Coming Clean

Pharmacists Planning Service (P.O. Box 1336, Sausalito, California 94965) has launched a national campaign against VD and unwanted pregnancies. [See *Teenage Pregnancy: Born of Ignorance*, beginning on page 50.] Its weapon is the all-American rubber. PPS spokesman Fred Mayer has announced the "National Condom Couplet Contest," in which the best rhyme about sheaths will win a gold condom (second prize, a bronze wallet with round outline; third through tenth prizes, 144 Trojans).

Entries will be accepted up to February 1, 1980, and winners will be announced later.

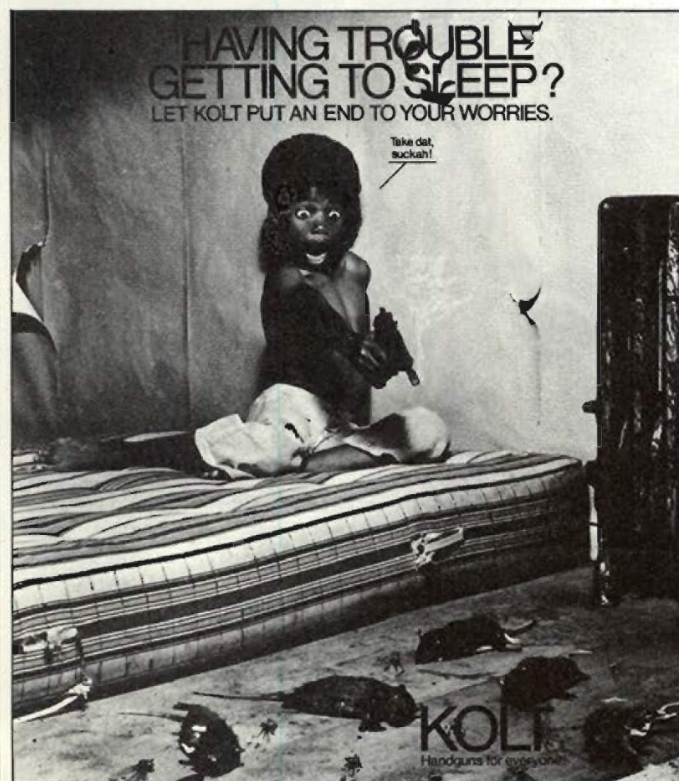


Ugly Broads

What do Warren Beatty, O. J. Simpson, Billy Carter, Ted Kennedy, John Travolta, Steve Martin, Clint Eastwood and Jerry Brown all have in com-

mon? They'd make ugly women, that's what. If you don't believe us, take a look at September's CHIC and see for yourself. If these guys ever undergo sex-change operations, they're going to be in trouble.

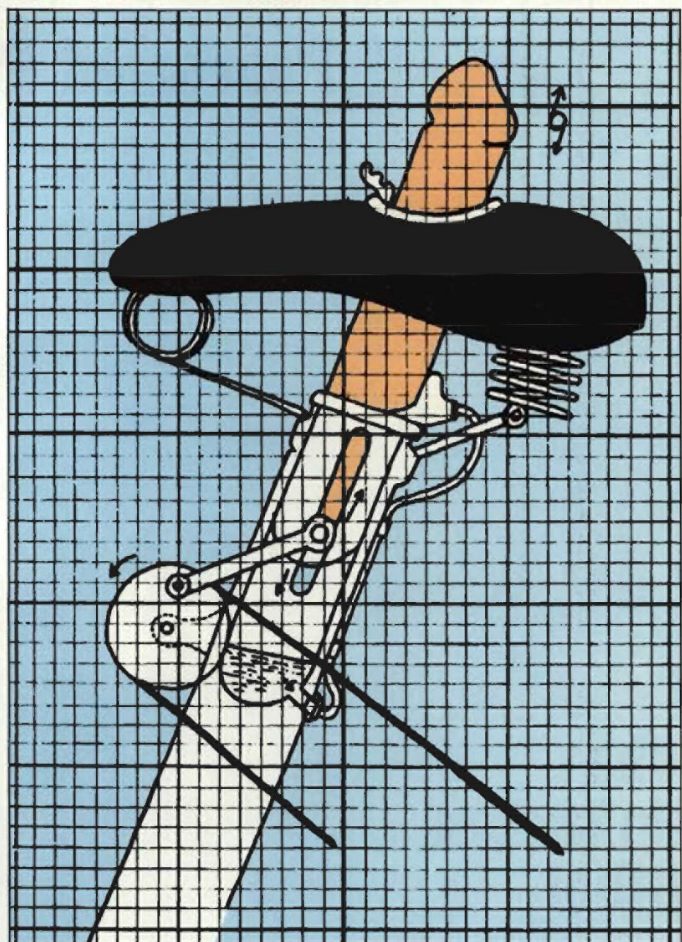
Ads We'd Like to See #9



Disco Dog

"Hey, Babe, would you like to—yeck!" It's hard for a guy to keep his Saturday-night fervor when he meets a girl who not

only boogies on down but comes back looking like the bogeyman. But let's face it—beauty is only skin deep, right? This disco queen probably has a great personality.



French Ingenuity

No wonder the bicycling craze has swept through French womanhood as quickly as the German Army used to. This prototype woman's bicycle seat was demonstrated in the French

men's magazine *Lui*. Parisian women who wouldn't have been caught dead on a bike a few years ago now take to country roads for long hours of pedaling pleasure.



Tourist Trap

How many times can a person stand to see the Grand Canyon? What's so exciting about Niagara Falls? Who can afford to make a jaunt to Europe these days?

Why not take your next vacation in Middletown, Pennsylvania, just 12 miles from where the state capital, Harrisburg, used to stand? Visit the melt-down crater. Delight as the natives display their colorful tumors. And don't miss the nightly pageants where everyone glows in the dark. Check with your travel agent for details.



The Unknown Aibel

Contributing lunatic Jerry Aibel came to Hollywood expecting to make it big, but the best he could do was an appearance on *The Dong Show*. When his comedy act was about to get the gong, he unveiled his biggest joke. He told us later he had it in the bag all along.

Perverted Pageant

Those crazy San Franciscans are at it again. You'll find some of the weirdest at the Mabuhay Gardens, participating in the Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Pageant every Thursday night. How weird are they? you ask. Well, girls yank out their pubic

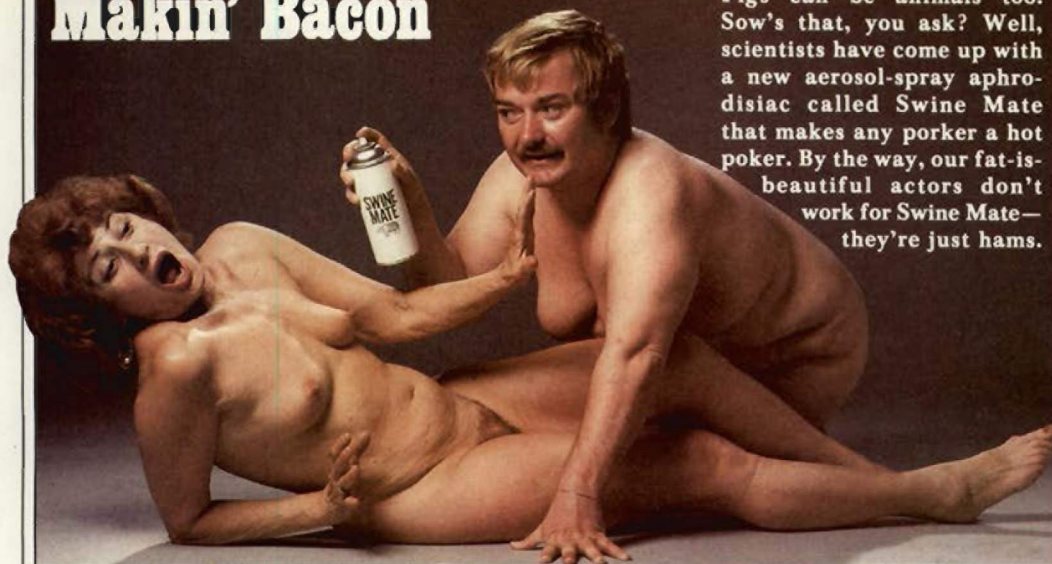
hairs and toss them to the audience, and paraplegics roll out of their wheelchairs—and that's just for warm-ups. But don't expect to see Bert Parks hosting this show on TV, because what's a hit in San Francisco will probably miss America.



Pecker Pouch

While living in a primitive area of Ethiopia, explorer/photographer Joel Fogel got accustomed to running around naked like everybody else. But when he tried to bring his nudity back home to the U.S., where the human body is still repressed, he ran into trouble. Even though he wore a sock over his cock to keep the old maids from salivating, Joel was arrested on the beach at Margate, New Jersey, under an ordinance forbidding "loud, indecent, obscene or offensive" behavior. Funny how such a little thing can stir people up.

Makin' Bacon



Pigs can be animals too. Sow's that, you ask? Well, scientists have come up with a new aerosol-spray aphrodisiac called Swine Mate that makes any porker a hot poker. By the way, our fat-is-beautiful actors don't work for Swine Mate—they're just hams.

Update



HUSTLER ON TRIAL

June/July 1977

In 1977 a Cincinnati, Ohio, jury found Larry Flynt guilty of engaging in organized crime and of pandering obscenity. By "organized crime" the jury meant he had joined together with four other people (his brother Jimmy, his wife Althea, Production Manager Al Van Schaik and the corporation) to publish HUSTLER—a felony that carried a prison sentence of from seven to 25 years and a fine of \$10,000.

On April 4, 1979, the Ohio Supreme Court declared the state conspiracy law unconstitutional. As a result, the First Ohio District Court of Appeals threw out HUSTLER's organized-crime conviction. In addition, it reversed and remanded the pandering-obscenity conviction to the lower courts because the presiding judge, William J. Morrissey, had committed 11 errors during the trial. Observers doubt that the Hamilton County Court will retry Flynt on the pandering charge, but prosecutor Simon Leis said, "I can assure the community that I will continue to uphold its objection to pornography regardless of the court's action. The decision will be appealed to the [Ohio] Supreme Court."

Flynt called the expensive trial "a waste of the taxpayers' money." [See also *The Rape of Justice: HUSTLER on Trial in Atlanta*, beginning on page 36.]

WILLIE CARTER SPANN

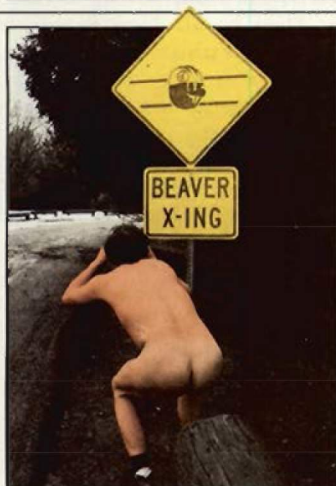
May 1977

Our prison issue profiled Jimmy Carter's nephew, Willie Carter Spann, serving five years to life for armed robbery. In April he married Frisco insurance broker Jane Frey at the Vacaville correctional facility.



One for the Road

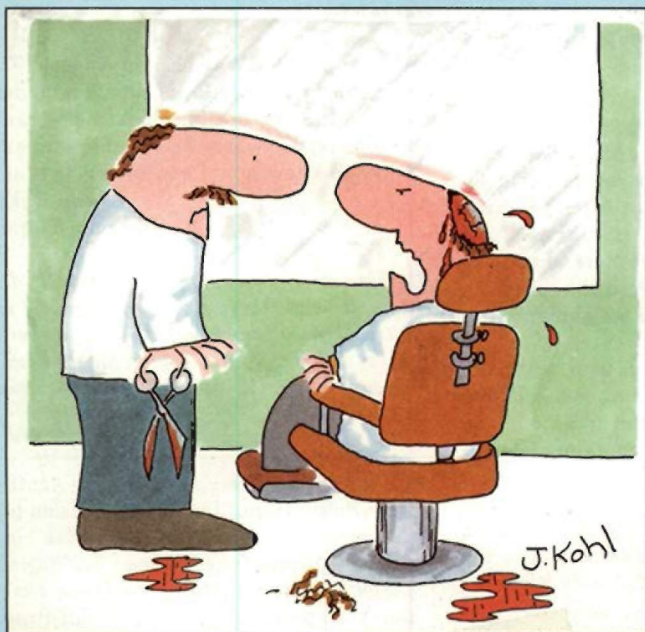
Apparently the popularity of HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* has spawned an army of Beaver-hunters out beating the bushes for their favorite quarry. Some of them have written to us claiming that Beavers are hard to come by in their part of the country, and may in fact be facing extinction. Environmentalists warn that eating Beavers may upset nature's delicate balance.



Afro-Zits

Many black teenagers today suffer from whiteheads, which, if left untreated, can scar them for life. In advanced stages the blemishes can lead to severe loss of rhythm and impairment of the victim's ability to slam-dunk a basketball. But new, doctor-tested Clearasoul can clear up whiteheads fast, prevent scar buildup and get downcast sufferers feeling back in the black again.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I thought I told you just a little off the top."

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For August, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Charlie Airwaves and Bernie Knoefel.

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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 12)

by women who preferred a piece of skin to suck on and lick.

Thank you for the chance to say something that I've been bothered about for 35 years! And to you guys who still have fore-skins: Hang in there!

—Name Withheld by Request
Saratoga Springs, New York

Your article on circumcision appeared too late to help me, but it wasn't too late to help my second son. I shoved your article in the stupid doctor's face, saving myself \$75, and I'm pleased to report that my new baby seems to be more relaxed than his clipped older brother. He doesn't suffer from the glans irritation you mentioned, nor does he pee in my face when I change his diaper, since his handy foreskin deflects the stream.

HUSTLER, you're changing America from the bottom up!

—George Venkade
St. Joseph, Michigan

A threefold comment to the *schmuck* who wants to abandon circumcision: First, teaching hygiene to your boys does not guarantee performance. Most kids have been taught oral hygiene since first grade, but they've still got more crap than teeth. What makes you think the hidden penis will fare better?

Second, ritual circumcision is *not* barbaric. The baby is mildly sedated with sugared wine and cut at feeding time—hence sleep time.

Finally, if surgeons are indeed the butchers you make them out to be, then campaign for them to be trained by *mohels* (those persons certified to perform the ritual circumcision of Jewish babies). Who ever heard of a mutilated Jewish baby?

—Ellen More
Kissimmee, Florida

You ever hear about Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Treblinka?

Horny Harvest: I couldn't believe that *Hayloft Harvest* pictorial in May! Fantastic! It's about time! Now that you've got it up and touching, let's get it in! After all, that's what it's all about, isn't it? I know I'm speaking for most of your readers when I say WE ARE READY FOR IT! And I'm sure Suze Randall could handle the assignment with class.

As for those pathetic souls who, with false macho, complain about seeing men's bodies in the picture sets, tell them to go out and get laid or see a therapist about their feelings of inadequacy. I'm a heterosexual male who is happily mated to a lovely lady, and pictures of heterosexual couples getting it on make me want to go out and sock it to the first lady I see who feels the same way.

Keep up the good work, politically and sexually.

—J. W.
San Geronimo, California

I thought I would take time to tell you what a fine book you have. In your May issue you named Jerry Brown as Asshole of the Month. I could never agree with you more.

I very much liked *Hayloft Harvest*. There is only one problem: Seeing as you have all those women, and my cell is empty, why don't you send a few up my way?

Keep up the good work.

—Michael Ferola
Adult Correctional Institution
Cranston, Rhode Island

Coupling: I look forward to your magazine every month because your male/female pictorials are great. Please keep printing them.

—M. R. F.
Laguna Niguel, California

Keep up your practice, please, of showing male and female models together. They're great. However, I'm really writing to commend Larry Flynt on his June *Publisher's Statement*—"Child Prostitution." It was excellent, and I wish every parent could have the chance to read it and practice what it preaches. Too many parents today look on children as something they must put up with until they're old enough to leave home.

—Name Withheld by Request
Belleair Bluffs, Florida

More on the Reverend Ted: That April interview with the Reverend Ted McIlvenna was outstanding! Never before have I been so sexually enlightened. Please tell me how I can get any of the books he's published.

—Tom Ratliff
Carson City, Nevada

Write to the Reverend McIlvenna at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, 1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109, and he will be glad to send you his current catalog.

Little Boy Blue: Way back in August 1978 you published a profile of Don Embinder, the publisher of *Blueboy* magazine. I can't find *Blueboy* anywhere here in Florida, and I'd like to know how I can subscribe to it.

—John Dykes
Shalimar, Florida

Blueboy, one of the magazines we proudly distribute, is available on many newsstands. If you can't find it in your hometown, you can write *Blueboy* at 6969 Northwest 69th Street, Miami, Florida 33166. A year's subscription costs \$22.50.

We'd like to express our thanks to Acuff-Rose Publications, Inc., for permission to use some lyrics from "Louisiana Man" in our July profile *Doug Kershaw: The Ragin' Cajun*. "Louisiana Man," by Doug Kershaw. Copyright © 1961 by Acuff-Rose Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Vicki Scott

Nudist Directory: I have always wanted to visit a nudist camp. Do you know if there are any in Tennessee? —J. R.

Nashville, Tennessee

My wife and I would like to join a nudist camp in the Houston area. Could you tell us of any good ones near here? —G. B.

Houston, Texas

The American Sunbathing Association, the nation's oldest and largest nudist organization, has several parks in your areas. In Tennessee there is Rock Haven (P.O. Box 1291, Murfreesboro, Tennessee 37130) and Timberline Lodge (P.O. Box 50145, Nashville, Tennessee 37205). Near Houston you'll find Acorn Sun Club (P.O. Box 642, Goliad, Texas 77963), Live Oak Ranch (Route 1, Box 244A, Washington, Texas 77880) and Riverside Resort (P.O. Box 14413, San Antonio, Texas 78214).

Women's Wear, Daily: As I was flipping through a Sears Roebuck catalogue last summer, I noticed the pages of ladies' underpants. They looked more comfortable than anything I'd ever seen for men, so I ordered some. They were silky smooth, and I got an immediate erection when I put them on. They are really light and cool in these hot summer months. My wife doesn't mind; all she has to do is stroke my penis through the nylon and I react. Now I can get a hard-on every night of the week, and I'm 63 years old! Why don't they make sensual things like that for men? —N. N.

Lake Havasu City, Arizona

Either you haven't looked hard enough, or else you enjoy not only the fabric but also the thrill of wearing women's lingerie. If you're serious about finding sexy briefs, many store catalogues, including that of Frederick's of Hollywood, offer skimpy, lightweight underwear for men. The new designs include sheer-nylon "posing pouches," modified jockstraps and nylon "thong" briefs. Many large department stores now carry what is called French-style underwear—bikini briefs in lightweight fabrics for men. The fashion industry has apparently realized that a woman can be turned on by the sight of a man showing off his best asset.

Mysterious Misery: I'm a 19-year-old

Marine with a problem. I have a round sore on my penis, and occasionally the right side of my cock seems to swell. I've had this for about six months and have been tested several times for venereal disease, but the results have been negative.

One doctor told me it's a fungus infection, while another told me it was from masturbating. I have this fear that they are lying to me and that I have syphilis in such an advanced state that they cannot cure it. Maybe they're keeping the truth from me as they do with cancer patients sometimes. Is there any way that I can find out the truth?

—M. J. M.

Kinston, North Carolina

If you had syphilis in its secondary stages (a few months after contracting the disease), you would have noted different symptoms—body aches, rash, sores on other parts of the body. If it were in its latent stage (about two years after contracting it), the sore you mention would be gone. Blood tests would be positive in either case, and antibiotics would be administered. Syphilis can be arrested even in its latest stages, and no physician would refuse you treatment for it.

But there are other venereal diseases that cause swelling in the groin and sores on the penis, including Herpes simplex II (see "Dread Disease," below), chancroid, nonspecific urethritis and lymphogranuloma venereum (which is often

difficult to diagnose, even in laboratories, although one test, called the Frei skin test, is fairly accurate).

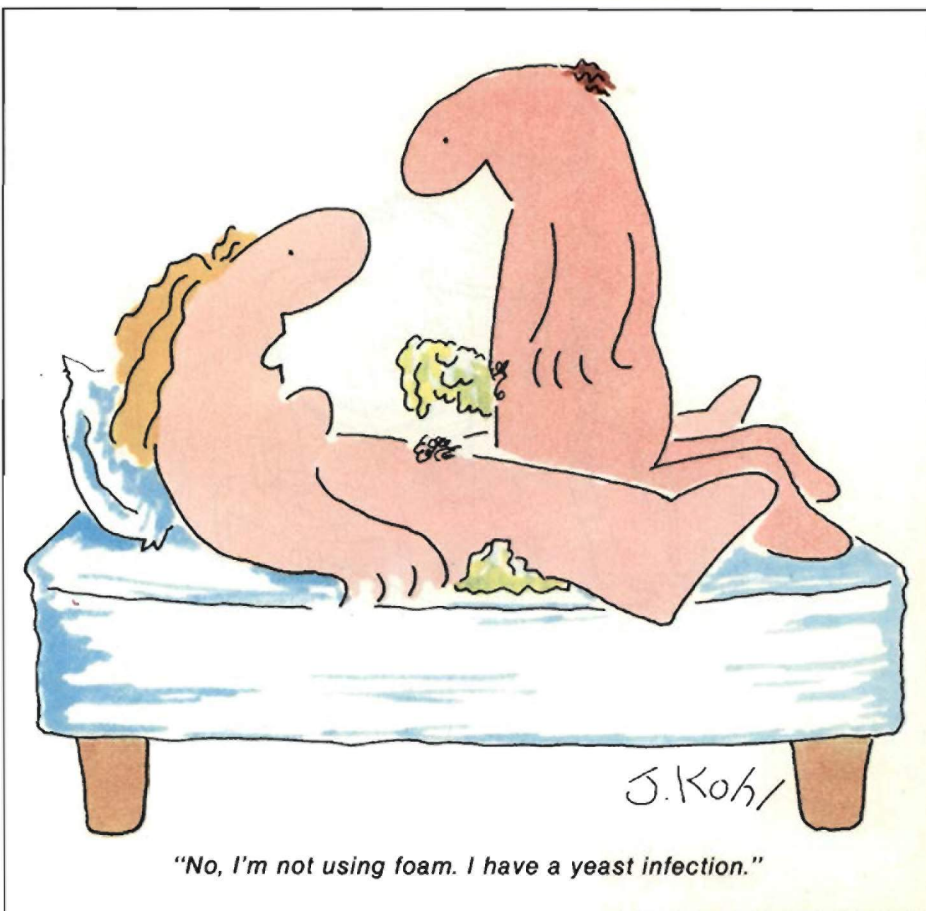
What makes you doubt the word of the doctor who told you you're suffering from a fungus infection? Fungus does indeed grow well in moist, warm places such as the groin. You must keep the area clean and dry (perspiration-free) and allow air to reach it. The doctor should have given you fungicides or antibiotics. It's highly unlikely that the sore is from masturbation, although that may aggravate it.

Get a third opinion, preferably from a VD clinic or a urologist—they see more such cases than most other physicians. Rest assured they will tell you the truth; diseases of the genitals are their specialty.

Dread Disease: I'm a 21-year-old GI who recently made it with a 27-year-old woman who told me (after the fact) that she had a disease called Herpes simplex II. When we make love, she insists I wear a condom because the disease is contagious. She says she is being treated, but there is no cure. Is this right? I've never contracted a venereal disease in my life, and I've never even heard of this one. —P. M.

Jolon, California

Take your girlfriend at her word. Herpes simplex II has become one of the most common and



dreaded venereal diseases, and there are about 300,000 new cases of it every year.

We have had dozens of letters from readers describing the intense pain and utter frustration of the disease, which appears without warning as fluid-filled blisters that break, scab and slowly heal in a couple of weeks. Some readers say that vitamin C helps keep the malady in check and that vitamin E causes an outbreak of it. One reader claims that typhoid-fever vaccines cure and prevent recurrence of the disease. Another states that an eye ointment called Stoxil (idoxuridine), which is used to treat herpes simplex keratitis (a virus that attacks the eyes), also works on genital herpes. And another states that an ophthalmic solution called Vira-A (vidarabine) controls genital herpes.

One reader sent us an article stating that Burroughs Wellcome Laboratories has filed investigation applications with the government for permission to experiment with a drug called BW 248U, which the company's researchers said "was the most active agent against herpes growth in cell culture anyone had ever seen." And we ourselves have reported on a cream called Herpigon and a vaccine called BCG that are both still in the experimental stage.

But since none of these is a proven cure, the Center for Disease Control suggests that you not have sex with your girlfriend if the sores are present. When you do have sex with her, use a condom and don't perform oral sex on your girlfriend (because the virus can be transmitted from her vagina to your mouth). Wash carefully after intercourse with her. If you do contract the disease, see a doctor immediately. Keep the sores clean and

dry and use a germicidal soap and a topical anesthetic for pain. Apply talc and wear cotton underwear to absorb moisture.

If you're interested in following the progress of herpes research send \$5 to HELP (American Social Health Association, 260 Sheridan Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306), which will send you a quarterly newsletter. HELP is also conducting a survey on Herpes simplex II.

Hot Mom: I am a 55-year-old widow, and I stay with my daughter and her husband. My question is, how can I get my son-in-law to pay some attention to me? We are alone in the house all day (he works nights and my daughter works days). In spite of the fact that I wear only sexy, black lingerie and kiss him long and lingeringly when he goes to bed, he doesn't pick up on the fact that I want him to screw me. Before I moved in with them, I had sex twice a week or more, and I enjoy doing it in every position. How can I wake him up to what I want?

—P. P.
Syracuse, New York

Your hints have been so obvious that it's probable your son-in-law knows exactly what you want. He's most likely keeping his hands off out of deference to your daughter, his wife. He may also be aware of the jealousy and marital problems it could cause if his wife found out he was fooling around with you.

What prevents you from going out to meet eligible bachelors? You would be much better off with a man who finds you sexually attractive

and is ready, willing and able to take you up on your flirtations.

Penile Enlargement: I am a 30-year-old male who was cheated out of a normal-size penis. Mine is only four inches long. When I asked my doctor about the possibility of a transplant, he laughed at me. Can you help me?

—B. R.
Calumet City, Illinois

Your doctor may have laughed because at the moment there is no such thing as a transplant operation for penises. But you might want to find another physician, because his reaction seems to show immaturity and an unhealthy attitude toward sexuality.

He should have told you that your penis is about normal size. Three or four inches flaccid and five to seven erect is average. He might also have pointed out that recent surveys show that while women may like to look at huge cocks, they much prefer fucking men with normal or slightly smaller ones.

Cosmetic surgery may have been what you had in mind. HUSTLER described this in February's *Sex Play*, "Cosmetic Cock Surgery." But you must consider the fact that in any plastic surgery you run the risk of destroying healthy connective tissue, nerves and muscles, or of otherwise ruining the proper functioning of an organ that had worked just fine before. If you still think you want to look into it, check with a reputable plastic surgeon or urologist.

Free to Be Me: If a fellow has the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, then he must have the right to change his sex. I was born a male, but I admire women (and their genitalia) so much that I want to be one. How do I go about fulfilling what I believe is right for me?

—B. F.
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

You certainly have the right to seek a sex change. But whether that will help you in your pursuit of happiness is another question, one that cross-gender counselors will help you deal with.

You should start by reading up on the topic. Harry Benjamin, M.D., who coined the term "transsexualism" and publicized it as a legitimate medical problem, wrote *The Transsexual Phenomenon*, which is now in paperback from Warner Books. You should also get a subscription to a newspaper for transsexuals, such as *Transition* (\$7.50 for ten issues from Confide Publications, P.O. Box 56, Tappan, New York 10983). These newspapers give personal accounts detailing the intense counseling procedures transsexuals experience, including family and legal counseling, and also describe hormone therapy, electrolysis, speech therapy, breast implants and the surgery in which the penis is removed and a vagina constructed. If you still believe transsexualism is right for you, a \$5 donation to the Janus Information Facility (University of Texas Medical Branch, Galveston, Texas 77550) will get you a packet of information and a list of the gender clinics near you.

(continued on page 32)





OOOHH! MR. WIMPLE!

He got caught in the act again. Only this time, he's been squeezing his charming Love Doll from 'Doc' Johnson. You can't blame the poor guy, she's irresistibly pliant and bubbly. She'll do anything, and the only kind of lip she ever gives him is the kind he wants. You too can be the lover you have dreamed of being with your own willing, soft and squeezable Love Doll, either black or white. She is a real inflatable fantasy with THREE anxious entrances of love.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

Hardcore

Dishonest, sentimental and half-assedly titillating—that's *Hardcore*, an R-rated feature written and directed by Paul Schrader (*Blue Collar*). As an attempt to discredit the American porn industry it fails miserably, for it ends up sleazily exploiting the very elements it tries to condemn. Like a tour of skid row conducted from a luxury bus, *Hardcore* encourages the viewer to peer out at the crap on the street without fear of contamination. And that's why in viewing this film you'll see, hear, feel and learn nothing of any real value.

Hardcore tells the melodramatic tale of Jake VanDorn (George C. Scott), a staunch member of the Calvinist Dutch Reformation Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Jake has a small but thriving furniture business and a tall, affection-starved teenage daughter, Kristen (Ilah Davis). The first quarter of the film is more successful than the remainder, for it details with a clear and loving eye the staid, sexually repressed life of the churchpeople who comprise Jake and Kristen's circle of friends.

It's no coincidence that director Schrader spent his own early years in a similar congregation in Grand Rapids. Schrader's tragedy as a creative artist is that he has not yet found a way to reconcile his



'Hardcore' exploits sex and violence perhaps even more than the porn it criticizes. George C. Scott plays his role like John Wayne attacking the Japs.



This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

youthful faith—a stern belief in predestination and limited seating in heaven—with the permissive and enlightened society in which he works.

VanDorn's problems seem to begin when Kristen disappears during a church-sponsored youth convention in Southern California. He flies out to find her, soliciting the aid of Andy Mast, a crude (but practical) private eye played by Peter Boyle. Mast comes up with an 8mm loop of Kristen being fucked by two studs, and the film begins a downward slide—into the imaginary, exaggerated hell of West Coast porndom—from which it never recovers.

According to Schrader's script, you only have to leave a young Michigan virgin alone for a few minutes in Los Angeles before she becomes totally corrupted by a world of porn producers, drug pushers, whores and psychotic sadists who make snuff movies. VanDorn responds to this depraved world with the incredible dexterity of John Wayne fighting off the Japs. He's not above disguising himself in a Hawaiian shirt and cheap hairpiece in order to infiltrate Sin City; once in, he's not above beating to a bloody pulp anyone who gets in his way.

Jake VanDorn's real problems, of course, began back in Michigan, as did Kristen's. Late in the film we learn that Mrs. VanDorn left years before and that Kristen has been starved of fatherly affection ever since. But we had to be told these things in the script; we don't ever see them as truths in the characters portrayed by Scott and Davis. The conflict between two opposed moralities has the unreal, preachy quality of a simplistic sermon, while the real truth of the film's thesis—that sexual repression can corrupt a family more profoundly than sexual permissiveness—is tacked on at the end as a sop to current humanism.

Schrader says he was the only one who could have made *Hardcore* because he's "the last person in Hollywood who still thinks sex is dirty." That says it all: The real victim of this production is the director.



'800 Fantasy Lane,' a princely piece of porn, is well-worth a visit.

800 Fantasy Lane

☞ If you pay a visit to *800 Fantasy Lane*, you'll get a warm welcome from 17 (count 'em), I say 17 gorgeous girls. All but one of them have tits the size of honeydew melons, and the one who doesn't—briefly featured during a bare-ass tennis game—is the most gorgeous of them all. Most of these bounteous babes screw, suck and tit-fuck up a real storm, and the result is a witty West Coast fuck-fest with a good story line to hold it together. *800* was produced by Cal Vista International, the same group of Los Angeles pros who delivered *Easy*, rated a full erection in last month's *HUSTLER*. This film suffers marginally by comparison, but it's a princely piece of porn nevertheless.

The story concerns two gas-station attendants named Victor and John (Jamie Gillis and Chris Anderson), who see a newspaper ad offering luxurious mansions to millionaires. They call the listed number, pretending to be wealthy, Midwestern oilmen. To their delight they're invited to a weekend "sales presentation" rivaling the most decadent of

Roman orgies.

Hollywood Star Realty, as the girls collectively call themselves, has a fresh approach to the thorny problems of real-estate sales. The girls convert "lookie-loos" into buyers by fucking them into submission. (As a matter of fact, this approach is by no means unique. One or two Southern California realty companies that employ bebies of beautiful young

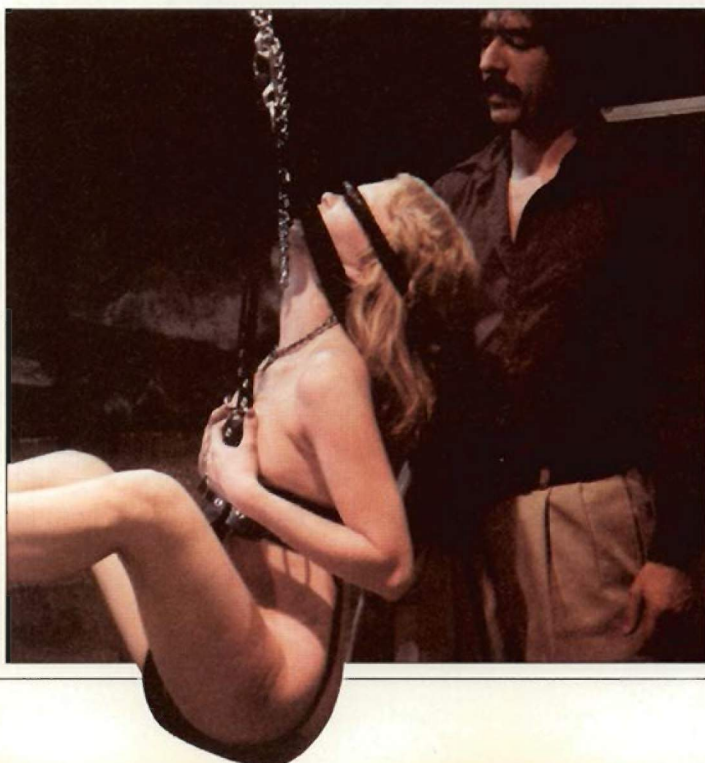
saleswomen allegedly practice the same technique. They're just less blatant about it.)

The hustling nymphomaniacs at Hollywood Star Realty make one mistake, however: Before they check out the credit rating of their two potential suckers, Victor and John have enjoyed every pleasure the house has to offer. It's a case of the hustlers hustled, and the knowledge that the enterprising grease monkeys' charade could be discovered at any moment adds a delightful tension to the sex scenes.

And what sex scenes! The two pump-jockeys are picked up in a limousine at the airport and driven to a fantasy hideaway modeled after a 17th-century Elizabethan palace. They first witness Deseree Cousteau somewhat lackadaisically fist-fucking Serena, but after this dull start the action heats up.

Tit-fucking gives way to a very horny threesome starring Chris Anderson; it's beautifully photographed against a sunset by director/cinematographer Robert McCallum. This is followed by one of the most powerful S&M scenes (featuring Gillis and Serena) I've ever witnessed. It takes place in the mansion's dungeon (of course), and when these two devotees of erotic discipline and humiliation get it together, you can't help but believe them. Later

Serena and Jamie Gillis are a powerful S&M duo in '800.'



Gillis is group-groped in a Jacuzzi by Serena and a half-dozen others, and then the film opens up into an allegedly pot-induced surrealistic fantasy. The girls become animals; Gillis, their trainer, whips them into submission with the theatrical gusto of an opera star.

The fantasy sequence is certainly imaginative and elaborate, but is too contrived to be a real turn-on. And with such a large cast the acting ability of the women is spread unevenly among a mere handful of them. But, barring occasional lapses of energy, *800 Fantasy Lane* delivers more luscious honeys and more explicit erotic action than most hard-core films. It's well-worth a visit.

Hot Rackets

☞ Here's another feature directed by Robert McCallum for Cal Vista International. Like *800 Fantasy Lane*, reviewed above, *Hot Rackets* reveals the director's eye for converting uneven talents into crisp and sensual images via his Panavision camera. (In the world of straight movies "McCallum" is the preferred cinematographer for a portly director whose name is a household word.) But whereas *800* had a good story line and the genuine acting talent of Jamie Gillis to hold it together, *Rackets* has a high proportion of players who find difficulty in saying a line with conviction; it also has virtually no plot.

Hot Rackets tells the tale of Herb and Liz Adler (Jon Martin and Candida Royalle), a spoiled and bratty high-society couple with sexual problems—he wants to fuck and she doesn't. This indicates the first of the film's own problems: Why does he want to fuck her in the first place?

While porn newcomer Martin is a slim and good-looking blond stud, porn veteran Royalle is now one step beyond pleasingly plump. Neither one of them can act, although I have hopes for Mr. Martin. But Ms. Royalle needs to lose a bunch of pounds and start taking some lessons in movement and delivery if she wants to earn another lead role.



Seeing 'Hot Rackets' is a waste; it's a film with tennis elbow.

As rich socialites neither of them is convincing. Herb comes across as a frustrated teen, while Liz seems overly maternal. Maybe the chemistry between them was faulty; they seemed more at ease with other cast members.

To satisfy the sexual urges that are thwarted at home Herb regularly attends a private athletic club, where the house specialties are tennis and fucking around (hence the title). Liz learns about this from her friend Mona—played by Farrah Fawcett-Majors lookalike Rhonda Jo Petty with all the elan of a robot on ludes—and decides to visit the club herself. Naturally enough, Liz encounters a variety of sexual experiences that awaken her dormant lust, and the couple screw happily ever after. And that's about it for the plot.

But if you disregard the main action, *Hot Rackets* offers a bevy of subsidiary smuthounds who provide a fair amount of erotic interest. Chief among these is

the delectable Laurien Domineque. She plays Kelly, the club's masseuse, and she provides Liz with her first taste of the hot rackets the club offers to its members. Their dyke massage scene is as slick and sticky as you could desire. Ms. Domineque is the hottest little number in the film by far, and she acts with a high degree of natural realism. It's about time someone gave her a starring role.

There's one spicy and sensuous scene between the Adlers' chauffeur and maid (Turk Lyon and Chris Cassidy) in which they fuck—among sprinklers and tropical plants—in a greenhouse belonging to a blind potter, but what that has to do with the story is anyone's guess. I get the feeling that *everyone* was stoned on this production, including the scriptwriter. And unless you're wasted when you go (which, being a responsible journalist, I do not recommend!), then seeing it is going to largely be a waste.

The Fur Trap

A more accurate title for this piece of crap would be "The Porn Patron's Trap." Frankly, I've seen better sets at Goodwill and heard better dialogue from a silent loop.

The Fur Trap stars one Kelly Mint, a lady who's been making the rounds lately under various names. She's a reasonably sexy blonde, but a total blotto in the acting department. Her face conveys all the verve and personality of a Woolworth's mannequin, and she reads lines like a supermarket checker counting change. However, it's not fair to load all the blame on her. Even Jane Fonda would have looked bad in this turkey.

The Fur Trap tells the story of Sheila (Mint) and Ted (Bill Berry), another couple with marital troubles. He's about to be fired, they don't have enough money, their sex life stinks—you know, the usual stuff. After several uninspired sex scenes between them Ted goes off to his ad-writing job, and Sheila seeks employment with a furrier.

At work Ted gets into a fantasy sex scene with an office girl (Marlene Willoughby), a scene intended to be both funny and erotic. It's neither. First, since he's working on a soap-suds commercial, he appears in revoltingly shit-stained underwear. His paramour then flings a bag filled with more soiled underwear on top of him, and they get it on. This scene is as appetizing as—you guessed it—a pile of dirty laundry.

Sheila, meanwhile, has started working for the furrier. It's an unusual place. The staff tends to fuck on the work tables during lunch break. Fast blowjob, straight fucking, lesbian scene—ho hum.

Back at Ted's office his mistress blows his buddy Steve (Michael Gaunt) a few times, and then it's time for the obligatory cluster-fuck finale. It seems that Sheila is now jumping out of cakes at office parties. This shows character development, you see, because at the beginning of the film she was a modest housewife. She nuff, she jumps out of a cake at Ted's office.

There's only one message I can see demonstrated in *The*

Fur Trap, and it's this: Until porn audiences become more discriminating, porn producers will continue to rake in those \$4 and \$5 admissions for total pieces of shit like this. Wise up, folks.

—Frank Fortunato

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Babylon Pink
Bad Penny
Easy
Erotic Adventures of Candy
MisBehavin'
Sex Roulette

Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment
Anna Obsessed
Another Love, Another Place
China Sisters
Debbie Does Dallas
People
Pretty Peaches
Sensual Encounters of
Every Kind
Sex World
The Little Blue Box
The Other Side of Julie
The Pleasure Palace

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Here Comes the Bride
Invasion of the Love Drones
Laura's Desires
Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)
Pizza Girls
Pussycat Ranch
Skin Flicks
Take Off
The China Cat
The New York Babes
The Senator's Daughter
The Untamed

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume
Hot Honey
Hot Lunch
Nite Bird

Totally Limp

Daddy

BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

Behind Closed Doors

Photographs by Robin Schwartz; introduction by Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen; available from *Materia Medica*, 251 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019; \$30 (but read on!)

Subtitled "A Marriage Manual With Nearly 2,000 Photographs," *Behind Closed Doors* is the latest offering from porn pioneer Ralph Ginzburg's ever-growing library of high-priced erotica. In June, HUSTLER favorably reviewed two other books produced by Ginzburg: *The Illustrated Fanny Hill* and *Eros in Antiquity*. Both of these were well-worth their price, but *Behind Closed Doors* is a letdown.

Those "2,000 photographs" represent the visual story of an attractive French couple who live in England; they enter their house, tear each other's clothes off and proceed to fuck in every room in their home, in every conceivable position. It's a simple yet novel idea; as a step-by-step primer for inexperienced couples to find new ways to use the kitchen counter, the staircase or the toilet seat, it should have worked.

It should have worked, but it doesn't, and the responsibility for the book's failure must be laid squarely on the publisher's shoulders. To begin with, the pictures, sometimes eight or nine to a page, are too small. They're all black-and-white, and they're printed none too clearly: This means that what looks so pink and juicy in HUSTLER becomes gray and hazy in *Behind Closed Doors*. That is, it would be gray and hazy if you could see any open cunt at all. But you can't. You can't see too many penises either. There's little overt penetration, and no clear shots of tongues curling in delight around clitorises.

There are nine or ten shots of the woman squatting in front of her mate and munching on his cock like candy, but it'll take you an hour or two to find them among the other 1,990. The pages aren't numbered, and the

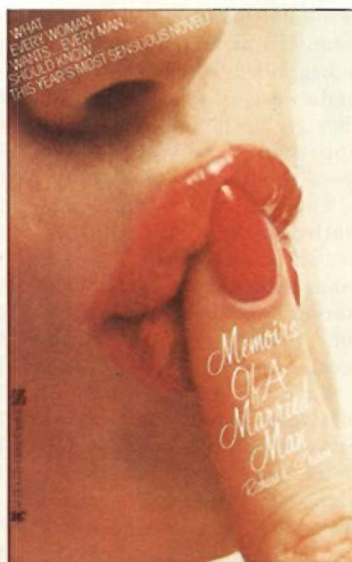


A step-by-step primer, 'Closed Doors' has almost 2,000 how-to photos.

only text in the book is an overly effusive introduction by those onetime forerunners of sexology—Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen. "This is the CONSUMMATE pictorial sex manual," they tell us, proving once again that some Ph.D.'s will write *anything* for a buck.

As with his previous books, Ginzburg extends a special deal to HUSTLER readers. By mentioning the code word PINK, you can obtain a mail-order copy of *Behind Closed Doors* for \$14.95 postpaid—a legitimate savings of more than 50 percent.

I wish I could be more enthusiastic in my recommendation that you buy it, but I can't be. It's not worth it. —Ben Pesta



Memoirs of a Married Man

By Richard K. Sharon; Zebra Books; Kensington Publishing Corporation, 21 East 40th Street,

New York, New York 10016; \$2.25.

In addition to being a sex manual for egomaniacs, *Memoirs of a Married Man* is the quasi-autobiographical first novel of Richard Sharon, currently a graduate student at San Francisco's Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality.

Richard, the main character, grows up running wild in San Francisco's whore and strip-joint district, alternately playing the roles of schoolboy, musician and part-time homosexual hustler. He then learns the fine art of lovemaking from Mona, a luscious bisexual model, and later finds true love in the arms of his female high-school English teacher. But she dies in an untimely fashion, leaving the young man with a gaping hole in his soul and a perpetual longing for the real thing.

Because he recognizes the improbable odds against ever finding a replacement for her, he begins to lead a life of dual identities. By day he's a respectable married man with a charming family and a thriving car wash who joins all the correct Jewish social, political and religious organizations. Come nightfall, however, he continues his undercover mission as Superstud, loving and leaving an endless chain of lonely women.

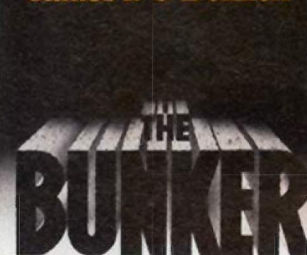
Despite his failure to resurrect his first love, Richard Sharon tutors the reader in how to attract, pick up, satiate with orgasm and eventually dump women of every type, age and style—all without missing a beat in the marriage symphony. If consumer-protection groups ever get around to establishing

a quality-assurance board for sex, Sharon would be a shoo-in for director. He becomes a self-sacrificing, ever-erect martyr in order to give thousands of women a one-night-only command performance against which they can measure all future sexual scenarios.

The plot of *Memoirs of a Married Man* rarely achieves more than a love-'em-and-leave-'em episodic veneer. But if you can picture Richard Sharon as Woody Allen and skip the overly philosophical final chapters, *Memoirs* makes for a dandy read on long airplane flights or any other temporary dry spell that life hits you with.

—Kathrin Cipeich

James P. O'Donnell



"This is a riveting, damned near incredible (but true) story of the last days inside Hitler's underground hideout in Berlin. Nothing I've read on the subject reveals so vividly the psychopaths, quasi-criminals and loonies who made up the entourage around Germany's demon king. This was no Götterdämmerung, it was the last gasp of a rat pack."

—Gerald Green
author of *HOLocaust*

The Bunker

By James P. O'Donnell; Houghton Mifflin Company; \$13.95

This compelling, meticulously researched narrative shows that Adolf Hitler's decision to spend his last 105 days in a cramped, stuffy underground shelter in Berlin, rather than in the relative safety of his mountaintop retreat, was consistent with his oft-expressed desire to establish himself as a heroic martyr to the German people.

Under no circumstances would the architect of the crumbling "1,000-Year Reich" allow himself to be captured by the mortally feared (and rapidly advancing) Russians. Although Hitler may not have seen in person the 1 million German refugees who poured through Berlin from the East during his time underground (including at least 90,000 German women raped by Russian soldiers in Berlin itself), he had no illu-

sions regarding the fate awaiting him should he fall into Soviet hands. As the ring around the bunker grew suffocatingly tight, he chose suicide instead.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of O'Donnell's highly readable account is its detailing of the degenerating psychological atmosphere inside the bunker as the situation worsened between January and April 1945. Hitler was the key to it, as always; his paranoia and suspicions became even more extreme than usual, and by the end he believed himself betrayed by virtually all his onetime comrades—Speer, Himmler, Goering and the rest.

There are enough provocative and exciting incidents here to compare favorably with any World War II fictional thriller: the intrigues and affairs in the Fuehrerbunker (including reports of orgies in dark corners); bizarre tea parties at which an ailing, physically senile Hitler "passed the crumpets and chocolate eclairs" to his admiring female staffers; Albert Speer's aborted scheme to flood the bunker with poison gas; Hitler's marriage to a "deeply neurotic" Eva Braun shortly before their shared deaths and just hours after the execution of her high-ranking brother-in-law on charges of treason (he'd been sleeping with an Irish spy); the desperate nighttime breakout into the rubble-strewn streets of Berlin by those remaining after the maniac's suicide. That every

episode is eyewitness-documented makes the total picture, in a strange way, all the more incredible. —Jonathan King

Dallas in Wonderland

By Pat Dallas; Reed Books, 9155 West Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069; \$11.95.

Here's a book you might not go for yourself, but maybe your old lady will. It's the autobiography of Pat Dallas, a woman

who's worked for several years as a free-lance photographer—chiefly on assignment to *Playgirl* magazine. Constantly on the prowl for male magnificence, Pat has tracked hard muscles and limp dicks from the heights of freezing, snow-covered mountains to the tropical coastline of Mexico. Each meeting with a potential model becomes a close encounter as she stalks and shoots her prey.

In her search for the ideal male (and that seems to mean any stud who agrees to pose in

the nude for her) Ms. Dallas has met an assortment of wild and crazy guys. They all fascinate her, and as she holds for dear life to a rocky ledge as a giant wave crashes over both her and her naked model, or as she lures a young fisherman into a hidden cave for a test shot, it's like, wow, she's really living, you know what I mean?

The problem with *Dallas* is its tone of trite wisdom garnished heavily with enthusiasm. It reads like the TV confessions of a housewife loyal to Tide. Pat describes her life with the same devout simplicity, summing up marriage, divorce, children and her *Playgirl* men in brief, cliché-ridden paragraphs.

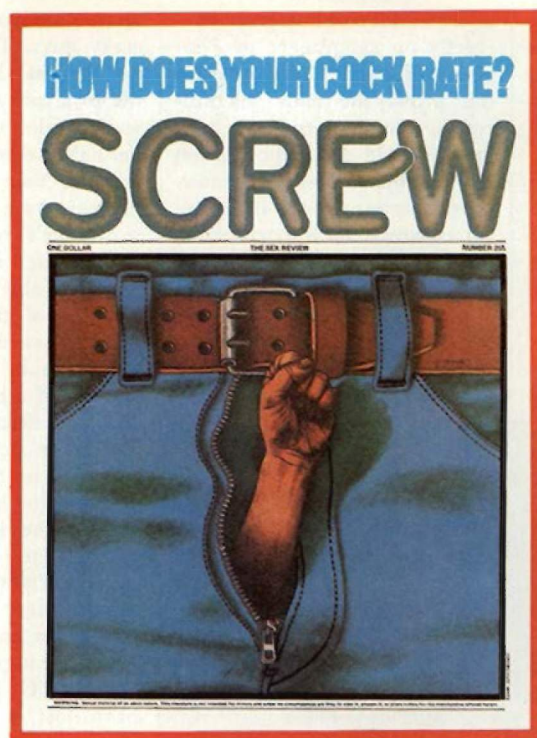
She writes: "Papa taught me to appreciate people and the great outdoors . . . 'There's alot to do and see in this old world,' he used to say. 'Why not go for it?' Go for it, I did. I may have lost a little innocence along the way, but I had one hell of a good time."

While Pat herself may be intrigued with her lusty career, I fell asleep reading about it. Only her photographs, which comprise about a third of the book, stave off the tedium of her prose. Her tanned and muscular models aroused a degree of subliminal interest in me, and the book also features a handful of fine pix of beautiful women. But there aren't enough of them to spend your money on, and it might be a fun gift for your old lady only if she's a really dedicated *Playgirl* reader. —Carol Humphries



'Dallas in Wonderland' might be a fun gift for your old lady.





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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

Cum Color: My cum used to be milky white, but recently when I had the opportunity to jerk off on my wife's back, I noticed it was clear like water. Could there be something wrong with me? —A. T. Muskegon, Michigan

Semen is 90 percent water. The normal milky coloration comes from the mixture of whitish fluid from the prostate and yellowish fluid from the seminal vesicles (two sacs situated along the vas deferentia, or sperm ducts). The sperm itself adds an opalescent or gleaming quality, so that the overall appearance of semen is milky, opaque and slightly opalescent. (The opalescence increases with the concentration of sperm, and that is affected by the number of ejaculations you have in any given period of time. The more ejaculations, the lower the sperm concentration.) You should keep in mind that poor health and nutrition can influence all these things, and so could prostate problems or blocked ducts. Check with a urologist.

Good Samaritan: One day I saw a man who had recently moved into our neighborhood trying to force a young girl into his car. When he saw me, he jumped in his car and drove away. The girl was hysterical, and I stayed with her until she calmed down. I told her I'd go with her to report the incident, but she refused and went home. A few days later I learned that the same guy had tried to make a preteen child suck his cock. Again, no one wanted to report it to the police because they're afraid of him (he's obviously crazy). When are people going to learn that the only way to stop these perverts is to call the police? Someone is going to get seriously hurt if they don't do something about him. —W. I. Tivoli, New York

You were a witness to the first incident. Why don't you go to the authorities—not necessarily the police, but perhaps the man's minister or a local family counselor? Calling the police is not the only way to stop "perverts." Child molesters need help and guidance; punishment is not the only answer.

Male Virgins: I haven't the nerve to ask any of the men I go out with, but are they ever considered virgins? And do they, like women, bleed the first time they have intercourse or masturbate? —B. E. Madison, Wisconsin

Technically, men cannot be virgins because they don't have hymens. The hymen is a bit of tissue that stretches across a woman's vagina; when it is torn during first intercourse, the woman is no longer, medically speaking, a virgin. A man doesn't bleed the first time he masturbates or has sex because there is no hymen. But the word virgin is often used descriptively, simply referring to anyone who hasn't yet had intercourse.

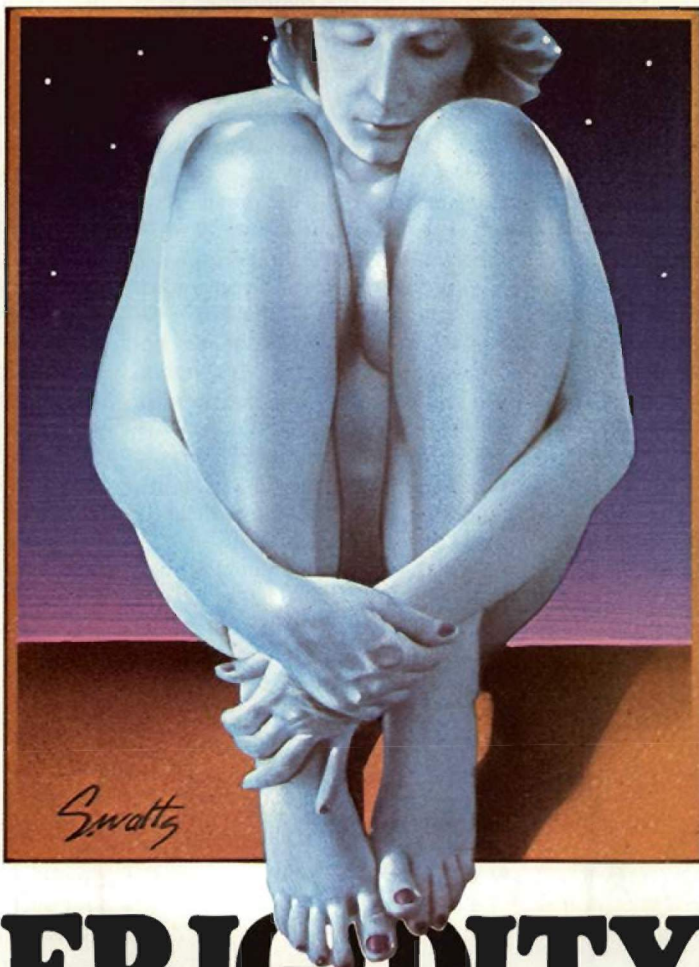
When you see the word *frigidity*, you probably think of a cold, passionless woman who seems to be wrapped in ice, turned off, unreachable. That's the traditional meaning of the word, and that's how most people react to it—a reaction that dates back through a thousand years or more of female sexual and social repression.

Women who weren't married by age 20; women who were awkward, shy or just plain ugly; women whose religious training had repressed their sexuality before it had a chance to bloom; women who'd been raped or abused as children; women who simply never learned anything about the erotic centers of their bodies—all these groups and more have been called "frigid" at one time or another.

Consequently, the word has become a catchall to describe an infinite variety of symptoms and causes. In fact, if a woman doesn't like you, refuses to date you or doesn't come across when expected, it's all too easy to restore your own deflated ego by calling her frigid. That gets you off the hook, right? After all, what else would you expect from a "frigid" woman?

You can find a more scientific definition of the word in many of the sex manuals recently published by doctors and sexologists. For instance, in *The Sexually Healthy Woman* by Abby Stitt (a university professor and certified sex educator) frigidity is defined as "a condition in which a woman has a total or partial lack of sex drive." The reasons for this, the professor maintains, are sometimes organic: There may be inborn defects, or inflammation of and sores in her genitals. But these kinds of symptoms are rare: it's much more common that a "frigid" woman got that way because of fears and anxieties connected with her sexual upbringing or early sexual experiences. "A girl may expect physical pain at coitus," continues Professor Stitt, "and therefore dread it; she may fear rejection or condemnation by her husband if she lets herself go sex-

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



FRIGIDITY Breaking the Ice

by Dr. Margo Rila and Lee Olivier, M.S.

ually, or be frightened of becoming pregnant; or she may have homosexual tendencies, too-strong feelings toward her father or repressed hostility toward men in general, all of which can inhibit her from responding warmly toward her husband."

Once a woman is in a box like that, it's very hard for her to get out of it. But if she's your wife or girlfriend, you can help. Women who are turned off to physical contact for psychological reasons can overcome their fears given sufficient motivation, and the best incentive could be a man they deeply care about who truly cares for them.

But don't feel a sense of failure if she

still needs some professional help. The process of building trust and confidence in another human being can take a lot of time and demand a lot of patience. Your goal should be solely one of friendship, and you must understand that the relationship might remain asexual for the conceivable future, even if the woman is your wife. Eventually she will probably become capable of expressing passion, but her sexuality will need to be carefully nurtured until it unfolds by itself. It's not likely to spring forth full-blown after being repressed for so long.

If you finally get to the point where your patience and perseverance have broken through her reserve (perhaps, as we mentioned earlier, in conjunction with professional help), you may then be confronted with another aspect of her so-called "frigidity"—her inability to come. But don't despair. New information and techniques are available to help both the nonorgasmic woman and also her frustrated male partner.

One thing you ought to realize from the start, however, is that the word *frigid* is no longer considered to be an accurate description of a woman who has difficulty achieving orgasm. If you think about it, you can see why. Is a woman frigid who can't come during intercourse but who comes when

she masturbates? What if she gets off only through oral sex? Or if she gets turned on, says she wants to be with you, doesn't come, but says that's OK? Is she frigid if she comes occasionally during intercourse, but usually doesn't?

The simple truth is that the entire traditional concept of frigidity, when applied to orgasm, is both outdated and misleading. The work of leading sexologists, from Kinsey to Masters and Johnson, has proved conclusively that virtually *all* women are capable of orgasm given the right kind of stimulation. In the wake of these studies sexologists have begun to use the term "pre-orgasmic" in place of "frigid,"

since it avoids the cold, unresponsive connotations of the latter word. Current practice is to use the terms "asexual" for women who have little or no interest in sex, "pre-orgasmic" for those who haven't had orgasms yet and "functional but unsatisfied" for women who have orgasms through masturbation or oral sex, but not through intercourse when they would like to.

What can a man do to help a pre-orgasmic or unsatisfied woman enjoy and express her sexuality more fully? First of all, he should *not* take responsibility for her orgasms or for her sexual pleasure. These are *her* responsibilities, and her lack of orgasm is in no way a reflection on him nor a measure of her caring for him. Men too often accept full responsibility for the sex act, and think in terms of what they can do *to* the woman to turn her on, rather than thinking *with* her. Women, on the other hand, often waste a lot of time looking for the "magic penis"—the one that will finally bring them fulfillment.

This kind of pointless search encourages women to transfer responsibility for their sexual pleasure to their male partner. In doing so they are in fact disguising their own inability to ask for what they want, or even to discuss what they like.

Another important point for both partners to keep in mind is that the woman's orgasm should not be the ultimate goal of the sexual experience.

The woman who says she enjoys being with you and does not mind if she doesn't have orgasms should be taken at her word. If she's just saying that to spare your feelings and really does want to have an orgasm as part of her sexual experience, then she's being dishonest—to both herself and you. If you suspect this to be the case, you could help her by asking her to tell you what turns her on. If both of you exchange such information, you'll be ahead.

Both sexes need to know that 50 to 70 percent of women do *not* have orgasms through intercourse alone. If you understand the comparative structure of men's and women's bodies, that fact begins to make more sense. Men's sexual sensations are primarily concentrated in the head of the penis, while women's are concentrated in their comparable organ, the clitoris. During intercourse a man's most sensitive part is being directly stimulated, but a woman's is not.

Assuming that you and your woman partner would like her to come to orgasm with your penis inside her, there are several positions that make this more likely. When the man is on top, the woman often doesn't have enough

maneuverability to determine where and how she gets the most clitoral stimulation, since she has only limited control of the depth and angle of the thrust, and the speed and rhythm of the movement. The woman who is on top of the man has much more latitude in these matters and can experiment until she finds the position that feels best to her.

Try other positions in which either of you can stroke your woman's clitoris at the same time that you are inside her. If using your hand doesn't seem to work, encourage her to use hers (if you and she feel comfortable with her doing so). Or, if you'd rather, ask her to show you with her own hand or tell you how she likes to be touched.

What else can a man do to help a woman free herself to be more in touch with her own sexuality? Research has shown conclusively that women who masturbate are more likely to be orgasmic with partners. It's hard to have an orgasm if your body doesn't have much familiarity with what an orgasm feels like.

Sharing masturbation can be a big step in the same direction, although it is sometimes more scary than actually having intercourse.

Many women who can't come any other way can easily achieve orgasm with a vibrator. Vibrators can often help a woman masturbate to orgasm who hasn't been able to do so before, so they're definitely worth a try.

Women who have *never* come, or who can't come during intercourse, are frequently very anxious about sex in general and about their own sexual attractiveness in particular. You can help such women to get past these feelings by remembering to include *sensuality*, in addition to sexuality, as part of your physical relationship. It is probably much easier for women like this to accept an offer of nondemand sensual pleasuring (massage, caressing) rather than an overt sexual invitation.

A final suggestion: A turned-off woman is frequently so body-conscious, and has such a poor self-image, that strong efforts should be made to help her feel *good* about her body. Tell her what you *like* about the way she looks, and don't tell her what you don't like.

Our societal prohibitions against talking about sex are still so pervasive that a woman who is asexual, pre-orgasmic or unsatisfied during intercourse may need outside help, even with a supportive and concerned partner. Such a woman is not alone and may, in fact, be closer to the norm than the women she reads about in books who allegedly see stars and feel the earth move when they come. ☺



"Oh, boy! Hors d'oeuvres!"

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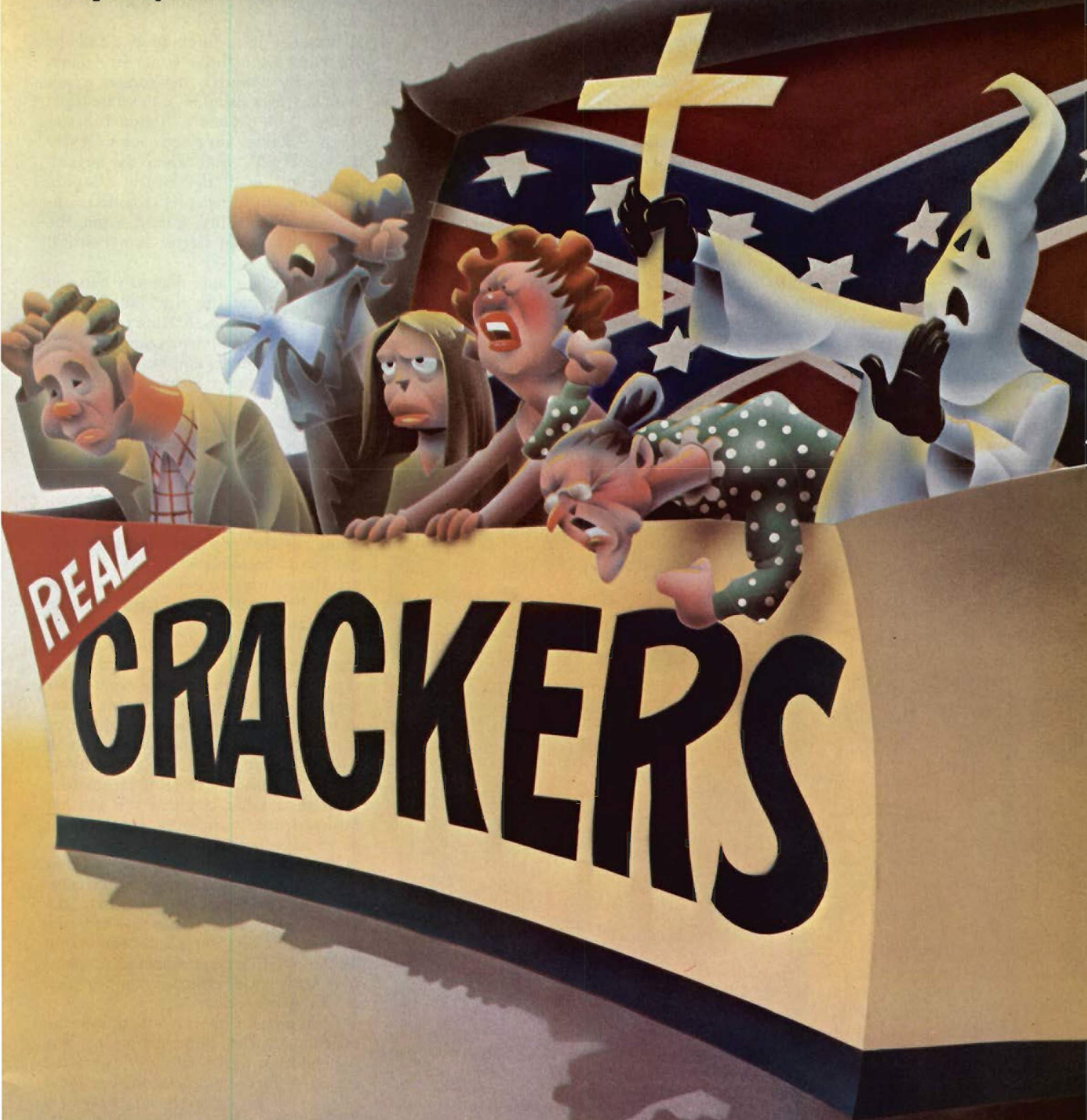


THE RAPE OF JUSTICE

HUSTLER on Trial in Atlanta

Report by Bruce David

I've only been to Atlanta twice. The first time was in April of '78. I flew down to see HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt, who lay fighting for his life at Emory University Hospital after being felled by a sniper's bullets. He was not a pretty sight: Wires and tubes were plugged into his body, a plastic respirator covered his face, and there were gaping holes in his stomach. His blue eyes stared up helplessly from jaundiced flesh, and his lips



quivered as if trying to speak—but no words came out of his mouth. Flynt, once a driving powerhouse of energy, was being kept alive by machines.

My second trip to Atlanta came almost a year later, in March of '79. Crippled and confined to a wheelchair, Flynt was back in that city to stand trial on charges of selling obscene materials in Fulton County. He had, of course, personally sold three of the 11 charged issues of *HUSTLER* and *CHIC*, having rented the Book Shack on Peachtree Street expressly for that purpose. It was Flynt's intent to challenge the censorship activities of Hinson McAuliffe, Solicitor General (prosecutor) of Fulton County.

McAuliffe had been waging his campaign against men's magazines (including *Playboy* and *Penthouse*) with little regard for Georgia law or Constitutional guarantees concerning a free press. Choosing to ignore the annoyingly cumbersome warrants prescribed by law, McAuliffe sent his minions out to arrest retailers and wholesalers, using fear and intimidation to keep men's magazines out of his jurisdiction. So effective was his campaign that, even when *HUSTLER*, *Playboy* and *Penthouse* successfully joined forces in July of '77 to prevent the Solicitor General from prosecuting their magazines, most

newsdealers still refused to handle them. So Flynt went to Atlanta two months later to challenge McAuliffe personally, hoping to force a test.

The irony is that while Flynt was being arrested and booked by McAuliffe's men, prosecutor Gary Davis from nearby Gwinnett County—sensing a publicity vehicle for himself—came running over and charged Flynt with selling obscene materials in his jurisdiction as well. It was the Gwinnett County case, tried in Lawrenceville, that led to Flynt's shooting.

* * *

Atlanta is a city in transition. Established in 1833 when Hardy Ivy built a homestead at Five Points, its convenient location soon made it a rail center for the South, and later for the Confederacy. Burned to the ground by General William Tecumseh Sherman in 1864, it rose from the ashes to once again become a major center of commerce. Not surprisingly, the city's adopted symbol is the Phoenix.

Even so, Atlanta languished through the 1950s and 1960s. Then in the 1970s it became one of the principal convention centers in the United States. This explains why the architecture is so modern: huge hotels like the Omni International complex, the Peachtree Plaza complex and the Regency Hyatt

House have transformed the city's skyline into an ideal movie set for the City of Tomorrow.

But this affluence has failed to solve some longstanding problems and may have even contributed to new ones. In a city more than 50-percent black, racism is still prevalent, if subdued. The two local newspapers (the *Atlanta Journal* and the *Atlanta Constitution*), both owned by the same company, have a total of 123 reporters, of whom only six are black.

Both the John Birch Society and the Ku Klux Klan thrive either in Atlanta or nearby counties, the former group even having a member in the state legislature. J. B. Stoner's National States Rights Party supplied some levity during Flynt's trial when the organization picketed the nearby Capitol Building, holding placards that included "Free Billy Carter From the Jews" and "Billy Carter Is a Political Prisoner."

If racism has hurt Atlanta's national image, it is not the city's number-one problem. Per capita, Atlanta ranks third in the nation in violent crime, after St. Louis and Detroit, and ranks fourth in overall crime, after Denver, Boston and San Francisco.

There are few vices that can't be found in this city. Uncensored hard-core movies proliferate, as do hard-core adult-book stores, which offer every variety of sexual pictorial and text. Peep shows, both on film and live, are easily found, as are strip clubs featuring topless and bottomless dancing. Those prostitutes who do not work out of the clubs line Peachtree Street between Fifth and Tenth.

Only the gay baths—which, I'm told, once numbered 20 but are now down to three—have failed to prosper, this despite unconfirmed reports that Atlanta has the third-largest gay population in the country. Coincidentally or not, Anita Bryant got such a gratifying reception during her most recent tour through this fair city that she and her husband are considering a permanent move to Atlanta.

For the most part, however, my view of Atlanta was confined to the distance between the Omni Hotel—where the Flynt party and I stayed—and the courthouse. The route had been set up by the Sheriff's Department in cooperation with local police, who provided armed escort service.

Each day, on its way to and from the courthouse, the Flynt limousine was flanked by a convoy of Larry's personal security force augmented by local

(continued on page 48)



"True, pee stains are good—but to me, nothing beats the taste of a good ol' raunchy hashmark!"



Mary,

Please,
no boys
while we're out !!



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Every time Mary has a baby-sitting job, Sue joins her. The two girls say they like to while away the hours by playing cards together when the kids are asleep. Nothing unusual about that, right? And sure enough, if you peep in the window, you'll see the cards on the rug.

But here's something strange! The game always turns out to be strip poker! And it's even stranger the way both girls end up with their panties down—that way they're both the winner.











HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 38)

police. At the courthouse deputies wielding riot guns lined the streets and dotted the rooftops. Once the Flynt limousine pulled up onto the sidewalk, his personal security force formed a human shield around their boss as they wheeled him briskly in and out of the courthouse.

Even in the courtroom Flynt continued to wear a bulletproof vest under his shirt. So did his defense attorneys, Herald Price Fahringer, Paul Cambria and local counsel Bob Fierer. The three of them had all been in Lawrenceville the day Flynt and another attorney, Gene Reeves, were gunned down. They weren't taking any chances now. Neither were the local police and Sheriff's Department, whose all-out protection extended to searching everyone entering the courtroom. There was at least one bomb threat while we were in town, forcing the use of a police dog trained to sniff out explosives.

I thought about it a lot. Back in the old days, before Flynt was shot, we had discussed the possibility of such an occurrence. Yet, as serious as we were, we could never quite convince ourselves that we weren't being paranoid, that we

weren't overreacting. Frequently we even joked about it.

But our worst fears had been borne out, horribly removing all question of paranoia. When Flynt was ripped open by two .44 Magnum bullets on the streets of Lawrenceville, the fun and games stopped. Suddenly life and the business of publishing HUSTLER had become very serious, very deadly.

Flynt himself changed markedly. When he had first gone to Atlanta to sell those copies of HUSTLER and CHIC, his serious commitment to the First Amendment was tempered by his love of confrontation, his need for a challenge, his own humorous sense of his role as gadfly.

A year later, sitting in a Fulton County courtroom, Flynt was white-faced as he fought back the constant pain, a souvenir of the attack. It was no longer fun and games for Larry Flynt.

He was in Atlanta only because of his sense of obligation. The charges in Fulton County, although carrying the potential for 11 years in jail and a \$55,000 fine, were misdemeanor charges. It was unlikely Flynt could have been extradited from his home in California.

"They wanted to drop the charges against me and just try the corporation," Flynt told me as the trial got under way.

"I refused, even though it would have meant that I wouldn't have to face the possibility of a jail term. If I'd gone along with that, all I've done would have been in vain. The loss of my legs—everything."

In the final analysis, I suppose, Larry believes he has been called on by God to wage this fight. And Hinson McAuliffe, the 57-year-old Solicitor General of Fulton County, believes he has been called on by God to fight "obsenity."

Appointed by Governor Lester Maddox in 1969, McAuliffe is on record as favoring a sterilization law to prevent illegitimacy, favoring a ban on all men's magazines (including *Playboy* and *Penthouse*) and hating pets. Of 29 pornography cases he had prosecuted before the Flynt trial (involving adult-book stores and movie theaters), 28 resulted in convictions.

By all accounts McAuliffe is an intensely religious man whose sole motivation in prosecuting HUSTLER was his belief that the sexually candid material was immoral and harmful. According to Phil Garner, writing for *Atlanta Magazine*, McAuliffe "believes he has been 'called' by his Christian morality to wage war against filth."

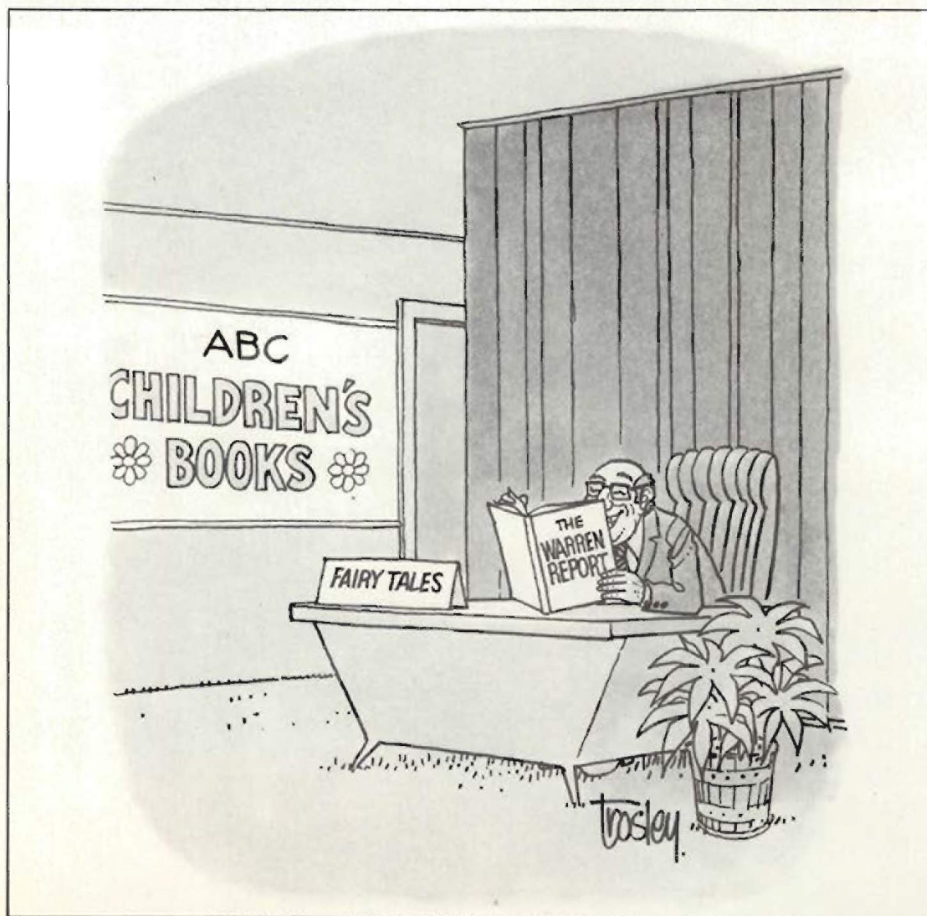
Although Hinson was clearly pulling the strings, the Solicitor General did not make an appearance in the courtroom, perhaps feeling it might have looked unseemly to be prosecuting a cripple.

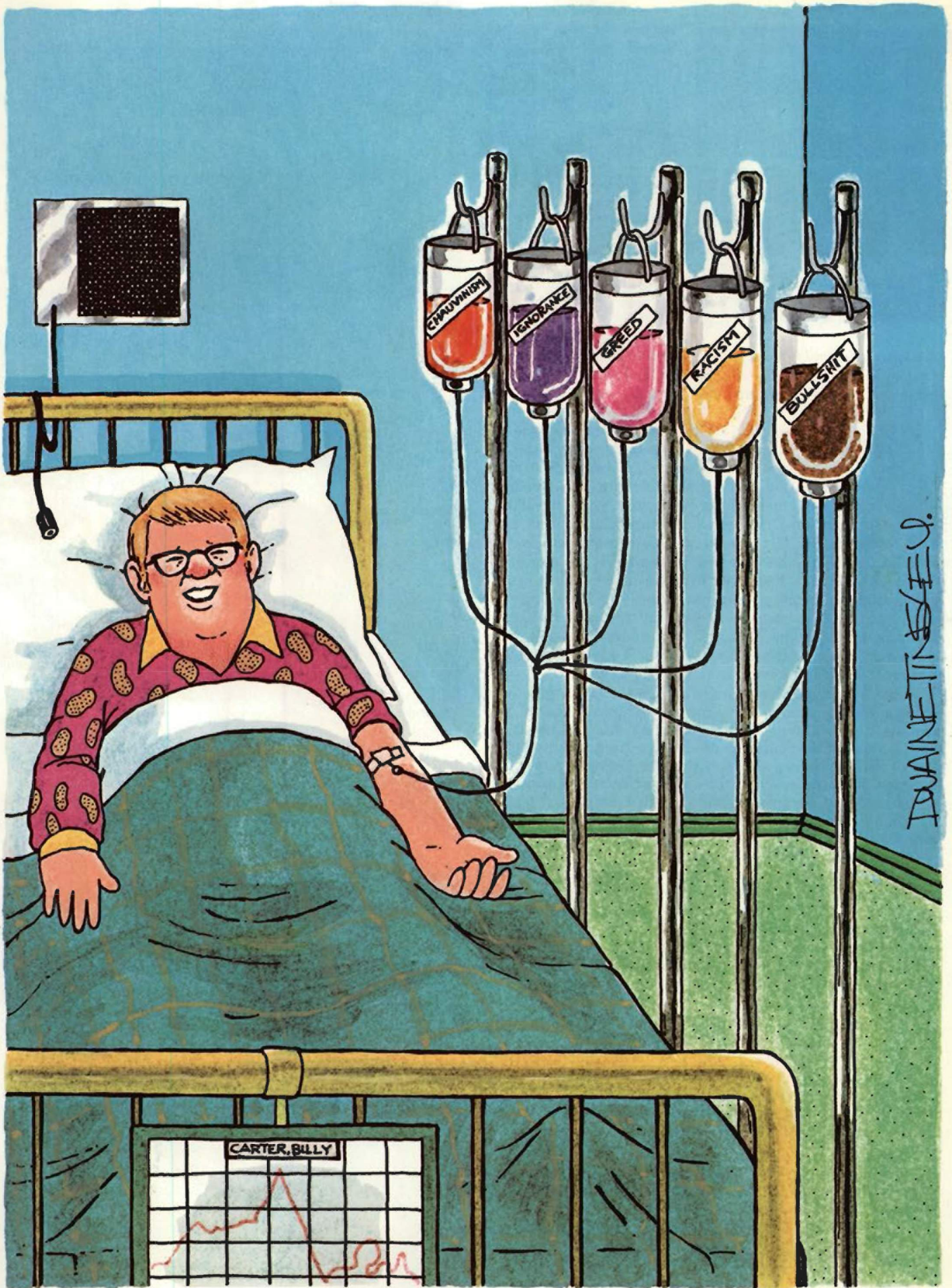
Instead, he was represented by three of his assistants. Leonard Rhodes, mid-fiftish and apparently sporting a toupee, had prosecuted many local obscenity cases against bookstores and movie theaters. Andrew J. Hairston, a warm, courteous black (on leave from his new job as City Solicitor because he was one of the people originally involved in the Flynt case), is a minister for the Church of Christ; and George Weaver, young but no less serious than his two associates, had spent two years as a seminarian.

The prosecutors were helped by the presiding judge, Nick G. Lambros, 53. A recent appointee to the bench, he seemed biased from the beginning by failing to remove two of the jurors for cause. A judge has cause when there is reason to believe a juror won't be fair and impartial, as would have seemed the case with Mrs. Sue R. White and Thomas E. Conroy.

The elderly Mrs. White squirmed noticeably when told she'd have to examine the materials in question—copies of HUSTLER and CHIC—and admitted that they made her uncomfortable and that she'd rather not do so. Conroy also

(continued on page 94)





DUANE TINSLEY

TEENAGE PREGNANCY

Born of Ignorance

A mother tells her 14-year-old son, "If you're going to have sex, use some method of birth control." Her husband says, "Ball all you want, but don't get any of the chicks knocked up."

Although parents are twice as likely to discuss sex and birth control with their daughters as they would be with their sons, it is ironic that more than half of all contraceptives used by teenagers employ methods or materials (withdrawal and condoms) that must be controlled by the male partner. Tina Bendinger, Director of Information and Education of the Planned Parenthood Association of Utah, speculates: "Probably because of the Pill a whole generation of young people has grown up believing that birth control is a woman's responsibility. That isn't true. [This belief] must be changed, and males must get more involved." Another clinic director says, "Today male responsibility is the hottest issue in family planning."

Today's teenagers have grown up in a society in which sex is big business, promoted by rock music, cheerleaders' tits-and-ass routines, television, advertising, books, magazines and movies. The epidemic of teenage pregnancies—more than 1 million a year—tells us that the kids are getting the message. Yet articles about the epidemic rarely mention that a girl can't get pregnant without a little help from a close friend, and almost never explain the perils her close friend may face when involved in an out-of-wedlock pregnancy.

One Michigan boy was expelled from school when a very young mother's doctor told school administrators who the child's father was. In Hudson County, New Jersey, fathers apparently can no longer expect taxpayers to support deserted wives and children. Officials there have begun to crack down on walkaway husbands, taking sizable chunks (\$20 to \$50 weekly) out of the paychecks of more than 1,000 men whose wives and children had heretofore been supported by welfare.

One man, protesting that his former wife had a respectable job and was earning more than \$150 each week, said he could barely afford to eat after making his unemployment payments. "I don't care if your wife is a millionaire now," roared Judge Daniel F. Gilmore. "You should be paying us back for when she was on welfare." If this governmental approach spreads beyond New Jersey, young fathers everywhere may soon be shelling out \$20 to \$50 weekly for the

**REPORT BY FLO KENNEDY
AND IRENE DAVALL**





next 18 to 20 years—all for a few minutes of “trouble-free” sex.

Eleven million teenage boys and girls are into sex. Almost none have intercourse with pregnancy in mind: Their purpose, they say, is to have pleasure, not babies. But just as the fear of lung cancer does not stop people from smoking, and just as worry about diabetes does little to promote sensible diets, the fear of pregnancy doesn’t scare kids into always using contraceptives. The majority of sexually active teenagers will not face the fact that a few minutes of sex at 10:00 p.m. can lead to baby feedings at 2:00 a.m. and dirty diapers all day long.

Ignorance is one reason kids don’t use contraceptives; another seems to be the double standard that encourages young men to be sexual aggressors, while assigning to young women the responsibility for birth control. About 60 percent of the young men in this country “do not always use contraceptives” and about 40 percent “never worry [that their partner] might get pregnant.” Thirty percent say, “I don’t care if she does.”

Project TALENT, a monumental study of teenage pregnancy, collected data from 375,000 male and female students, grades 9 through 12, at 1,225 senior and junior high schools and con-

ducted follow-up studies one, five and 11 years after the participants’ expected dates of graduation.

TALENT found the repercussions of teenage childbearing to be significant and long-lasting for both parents. Five years after high school most adolescent fathers were working in blue-collar, low-prestige jobs, and after 11 years they were significantly under-represented in such professions as medicine, law and engineering. After 11 years fewer than 10 percent of the fathers had college degrees, compared to 50 percent of their male classmates. About one-fourth of the teenage mothers were in the lowest job-level category, working, for example, as domestic servants and nurses’ aides.

Dr. Josefina J. Card, who directed Project TALENT, feels that “young parents acquire less education, are more often limited to less prestigious jobs and have less stable marriages than their contemporaries, and will probably have more children than they want.”

Teenage couples who marry because the girl is “in trouble” should expect still more trouble, because the majority of such marriages are doomed to failure. A Baltimore study of premaritally expectant teenage couples (17 or younger) found one-fifth of the subsequent marriages defunct within a year; by the

sixth anniversary three-fifths of the couples were separated or divorced.

In the same Baltimore study nearly 70 percent of the males reported having risked pregnancy at least once, and 25 percent of pregnant teenage women at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore said they never even thought about the possibility of getting pregnant. One teenager said, “I was trying so hard to think I wasn’t fucking that the thought I might get pregnant never entered my mind.”

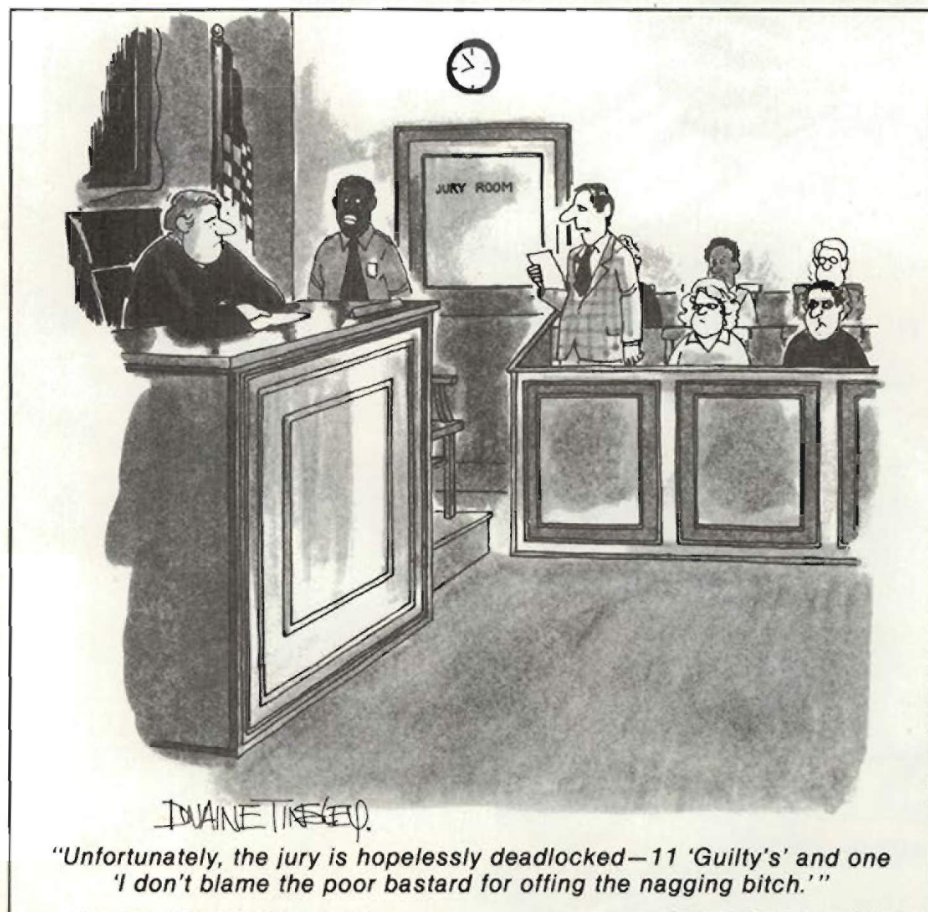
In the past, Planned Parenthood clinics aimed education and service programs primarily at women, but that is changing. Now many clinics have, or are planning, programs for teenage males. “By concentrating on young women,” declares Tina Bendinger, “we are neglecting half the sexually active people in the country. In Utah we’ve requested a special grant from [the U.S. Department of] Health, Education and Welfare for a program to be aimed at teenage males. We now ask all new clinic patients to attend an educational session, and we encourage attendance by both partners. During the first seven months of 1978, 265 women came alone, but 57 were accompanied by husbands or boyfriends.”

Bobbie Semler, executive director of the Marin County Planned Parenthood clinic, reports that they began male teenage outreach nearly two years ago. “We made up a 30-minute slide show, *The Male Role in Family Planning*, geared to teenagers. After showing the slides we run a rap session, and our male staff members talk to the guys in parking lots or wherever they can find them.”

Many young women worry about getting pregnant, but think using contraceptives makes sex dirty and interferes with spontaneity. One 16-year-old said, “Except for the Pill, most other methods are just too much trouble for me.” However, 14 percent of young women said, “If I have sex with a boy, making sure that I don’t get pregnant is his responsibility.” One 14-year-old declared, “I wouldn’t trust a man for birth control as far as I can throw him. They’re not the ones who have the babies. They don’t have to worry.”

Lee Owens, Community Outreach Editor at San Diego Planned Parenthood, says, “Many people feel that contraception interferes with the spontaneity and closeness of lovemaking. Some couples find that contraception can be shared together and incorporated as foreplay. She can unroll the condom, or he can insert the foam or diaphragm. Using contraceptives is a decision the couple must make together. If they ne-

(continued on page 103)





"Please, Marie, I just ate!"

Michelle

The Girl Next Door





Photography by James Baes

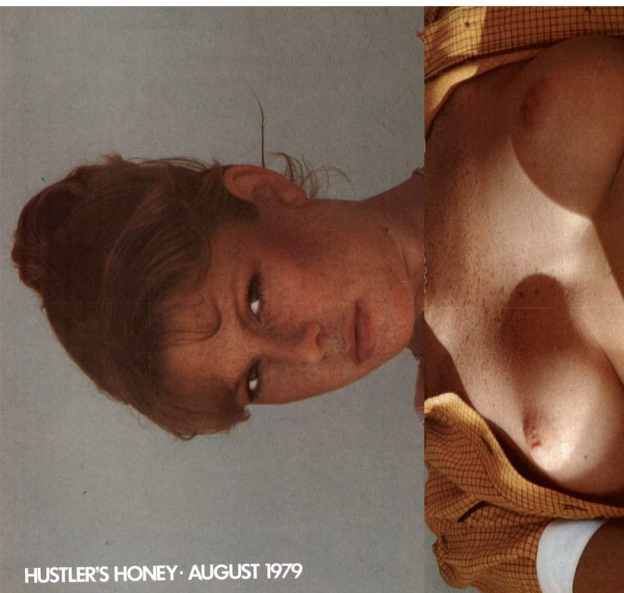




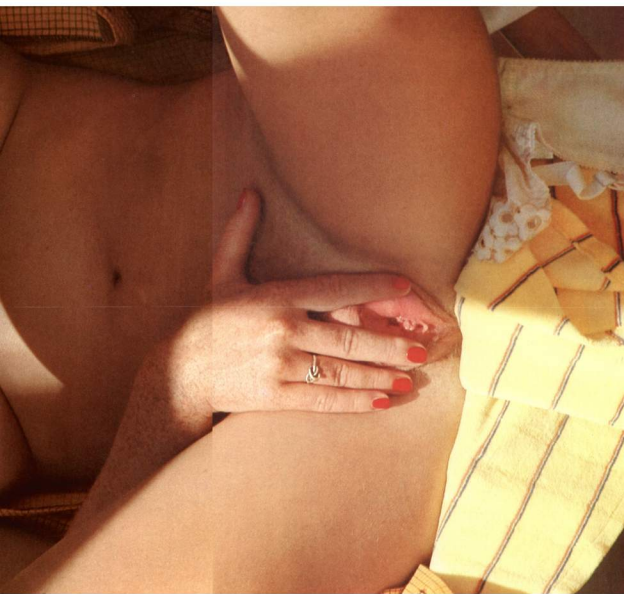
Freckle-faced Michelle is a girl you'll be proud to wake up to—you'll be just as happy to see her face in the morning as when you picked her up the night before. She's a wholesome beauty with all-American, girl-next-door charms. Don't you agree?







HUSTLER'S HONEY · AUGUST 1979





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The problems of the universe were weighing heavily on God's shoulders, and He confessed the need for a rest.

"Why don't you take a short vacation, Boss?" suggested the Archangel Gabriel.

"Yes, but where do I go?"

"How about that little place, Earth? You haven't been there for a good while."

"Oh, no. It's a world of busybodies," shuddered God. "I was there 2,000 years ago and that's enough. I had a quick fling with a young Jewish girl, and they're still talking about it down there."

A famished hobo was sitting on a curb and eating a chicken sandwich when up came an unleashed poodle. The dog began to beg and whine for a bit of his food. In a few minutes a lady ran up to retrieve her pet. "Shall I throw the doggy a little bit, ma'am?" asked the hobo.

The lady murmured her consent, whereupon the tramp caught the dog by the throat and heaved it over a hedge. "And if he comes back, ma'am," the hobo remarked, "I might just throw him a bit more."

A fag went into a bar and met a big, burly truck driver, and they soon left together. The next day the fag came back in, all battered and bruised, with two broken legs and his head bandaged. The bartender asked, "What the hell happened to you?"

"Well," the fag replied, "that truck driver I left with yesterday wined me and dined me, then took me up to his apartment and gave me a bath, powdered me down and put me in a beautiful negligee. Then he picked me up in his arms, carried me over to the window by the moonlight and asked me, 'Are you my little nightingale?'"

"I said yeth, and he replied, 'Well, fly, you little fucker, fly!' and threw me out the window!"

The *HUSTLER* Dictionary defines *feminine-hygiene spray* as: an artificial sweetener.

"Send someone over here quickly!" a matronly woman screamed into the phone. "Two naked bikers are climbing up to my bedroom window!"

"This is the Fire Department, ma'am," the voice on the other end of the phone replied. "I'll have to transfer you to the Police Department."

"No, no, it's you I want!" the lady yelled. "They need a longer ladder!"

The *HUSTLER* Dictionary defines *sodomy* as: deep-seated love.

Early one morning a speeding motorist in a flashy sports car approached an intersection with a stop sign. Rather than obey the sign, he merely slowed down, looked around and then sped on.

Hiding in his favorite location, a motorcycle cop observed the infraction and gave chase. When he finally overtook the motorist and walked up to the driver's window, he asked, "May I see your driver's license and registration please?"

"Sure," said the driver of the sports car, "but why'd you pull me over?"

"Because you ran a stop sign, sir."

"Bullshit!" screamed the driver. "I stopped!"

"No, you didn't, sir. You merely slowed down.

You did not stop, I tell you. When you come to a stop sign, the law says you must come to a *complete* halt."

"I know the difference between slowing down and stopping, and I say I *stopped*!"

"Tell you what," said the police officer. "Come back to my patrol car for a moment."

The motorist agreed, and when they reached the cruiser, the policeman reached in and took out his billy club. Suddenly he began beating the man over the head.

"Now, you asshole," screamed the cop, "which do you want me to do, slow down or stop?!"

Question: Why are there so few blacks in Alaska?

Answer: They have a tough time growing watermelons up there.

When the 80-year-old man married the 19-year-

old girl, most of his friends at the retirement home scoffed at the idea because they felt that the newlyweds' sex life would be nonexistent. However, on his wedding night the old man had no trouble getting his penis good and hard.

He turned to his young and eager bride and gently stuck it in. Several moments went by without him moving.

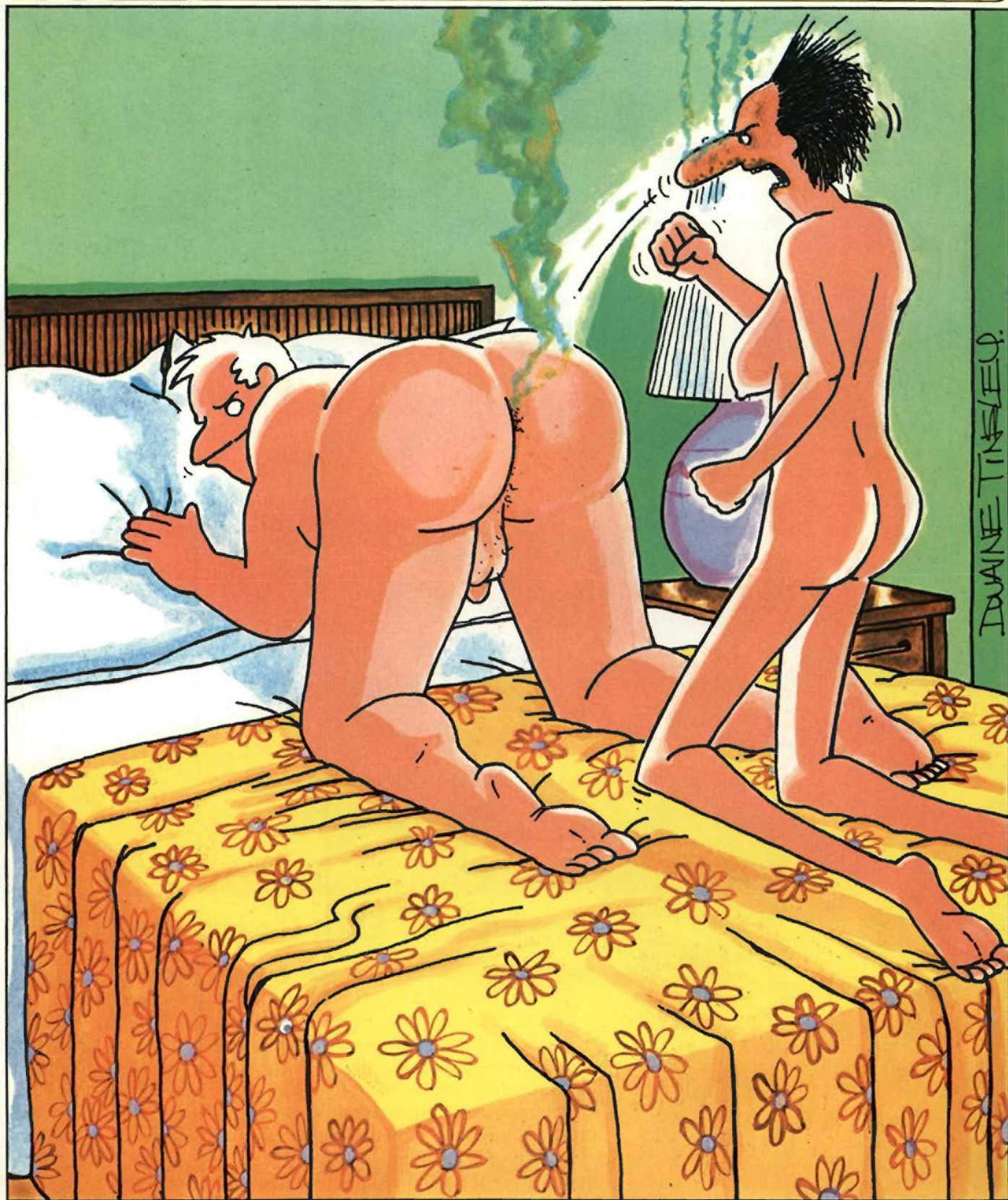
"What are you waiting for?" asked his bride.

"An earthquake," he replied.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.

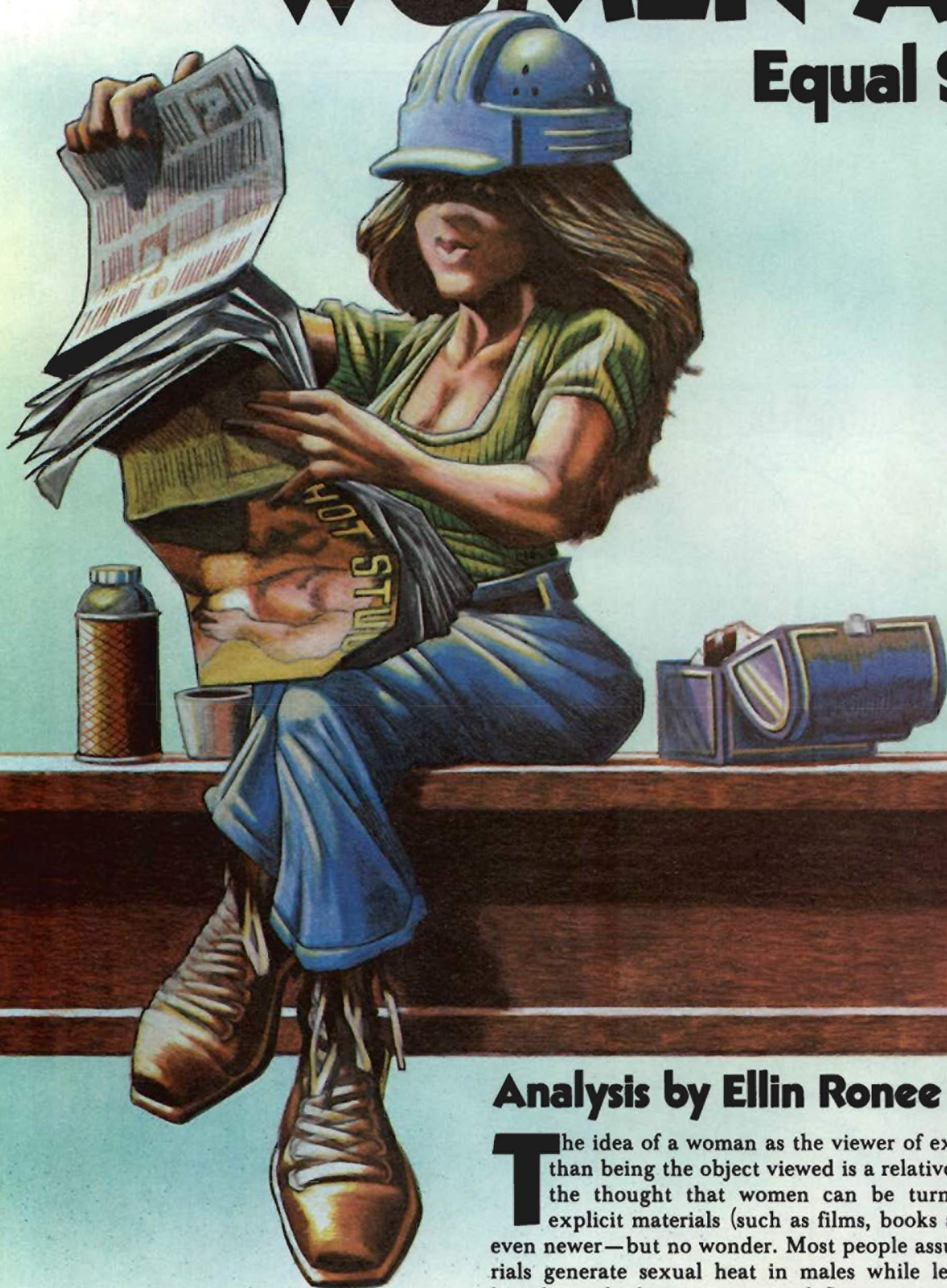


CHESTER & HESTER



"You dirty motherfucker! If you really loved me, you wouldn't fart while I'm giving you a rimjob!"

WOMEN AND Equal Strokes



Analysis by Ellin Ronee Pollachek

The idea of a woman as the viewer of explicit erotica rather than being the object viewed is a relatively new notion. And the thought that women can be turned on by sexually explicit materials (such as films, books and photographs) is even newer—but no wonder. Most people assume that such materials generate sexual heat in males while leaving most females bored, repulsed or noncommittal. So pervasive is this belief, in fact, that it is accepted as plain and simple truth by nearly everyone.

Luckily for mankind, scientists and researchers have begun questioning the validity of this belief, and instead are attempting to answer some basic questions: Are women as pure as they've been made out to be? Can women really be stimulated by pornography, and if so, what kinds of materials would do the trick? To find the

PORNOGRAPHY

for Equal Folks



answers to these questions scientists worldwide have been conducting extensive investigations. The answers will eventually change the face of behavioral science (and basic beliefs about female sexuality) as nothing else has since the 1953 Kinsey study of sexual behavior of the human female.

• • •
"Explicit sex, not romance, is what turns people on—women as well as men."

—Julia Heiman,
"Women's Sexual Arousal,"
Psychology Today (April 1975)

• • •
"Even for stories which describe sexual relations in detail, excluding and avoiding any expressions of tenderness and affection . . . sexual arousal and sexual activation among females are as great as among males. This finding tends to refute the claim that female sexuality is basically more dependent on affection than male sexuality."

—Schmidt, Sigusch, Schafer,
"Responses to Reading Erotic Stories: Male-Female Differences,"
Archives of Sexual Behavior (1973)

• • •
"It has repeatedly been found that males and females are remarkably similar in responding with sexual excitement to erotic stimuli."

—Baron and Byrne,
Understanding Human Interaction

Impossible, you say. Why is it unlikely that women would respond to explicit sexual materials, that they would get turned on like faucets? As more research is conducted on what turns females on, the evidence that they do indeed get turned on by sexually explicit material continues to grow. What the studies point out, however, is that women don't recognize—in fact, they refuse to acknowledge and register—the physical pleasure they are experiencing. The difficulty stems from the schism between mind and body.

In some of these recent experiments evidence was gathered by exposing men and women to erotic and nonerotic films, stories and tapes. The men were hooked up to a penile-strain gauge to measure the degree of their erections. The women were hooked up to a photoplethysmograph (a small vinyl cylinder placed inside the vagina), which measured both the amount of blood flow into the vulva as well as any vaginal discharge. The women's breasts were also monitored to test sensitivity. During exposure the participants were asked to push a lever when they thought they were feeling excited. Afterward they all were questioned.

The men knew what turned them on and exactly when their bodies responded. The women, on the other

hand, said they thought the materials were disgusting, irritating and a turn-off. However, the photoplethysmograph showed a vulva of an entirely different color. The women may have *thought* they hated porn, but their physical responses, unknown to them, proved otherwise. All the evidence was there: wet crotches, swollen vaginal lips and strong breast sensations. Their bodies were as turned on as the men's. As a matter of fact, women were as turned on as the men in the areas of film and literature, and exceeded the men when it came to explicit tapes. Women really responded to talking—something many perceptive men have known all along, and have used to advantage during sex.

But while their bodies loved it, women's minds were at best ambivalent. What their bodies craved their minds denied, and the women wanted nothing to do with immediate sexual contact. Yet within the 24-hour period following exposure they got very turned on.

The reason for the time lag between a woman's psychological and bodily responses is not difficult to figure out. Women have been taught how to think and feel about and respond to sexual materials. Bad girls "do" and good girls "don't," and as a result men have been forced to go to "other women" for years. Given the choice between the virginal Snow White or the passionate and erotic Rose Red lifestyle, only the most courageous women (Mae West and Xaviera Hollander, to name two) have chosen passion.

But to blame is useless, to understand divine.

Both sexes have been repressed for centuries. The very earliest therapists to look at the subject of sex were B. MacFadden and O. S. Fowler, who wrote separately at the turn of the century. They were the first in the Western world's medical and scientific circles to openly acknowledge sex's existence as well as its necessity—although they erroneously considered sex to be sinful except when engaged in for reasons of procreation.

Freud was next to acknowledge the sex drive, and even afforded it a space in our subconscious. He called it the libido and did a lot of intellectualizing about it. Essentially his point was that sex was pleasurable for both women and men, but if women got off in any way other than heterosexual intercourse, such as masturbation, their capacity to have orgasm was considered "immature" because, Freud maintained, "the elimination of clitoral sexuality is a necessary precondition for the development of femininity." (continued on page 72)





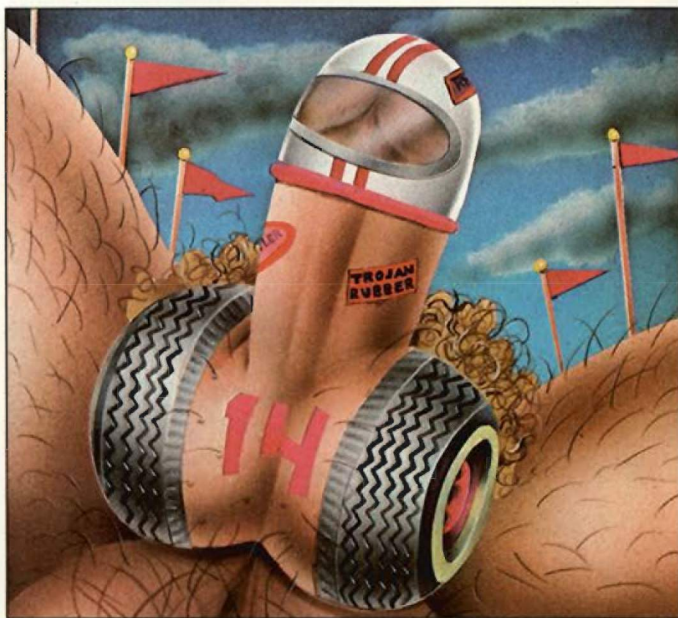
As HUSTLER readers know, we believe in letting it all hang out. Our job is to get the bare facts and expose

them to you. Here HUSTLER takes a below-the-belt look at the private parts of some very public people.

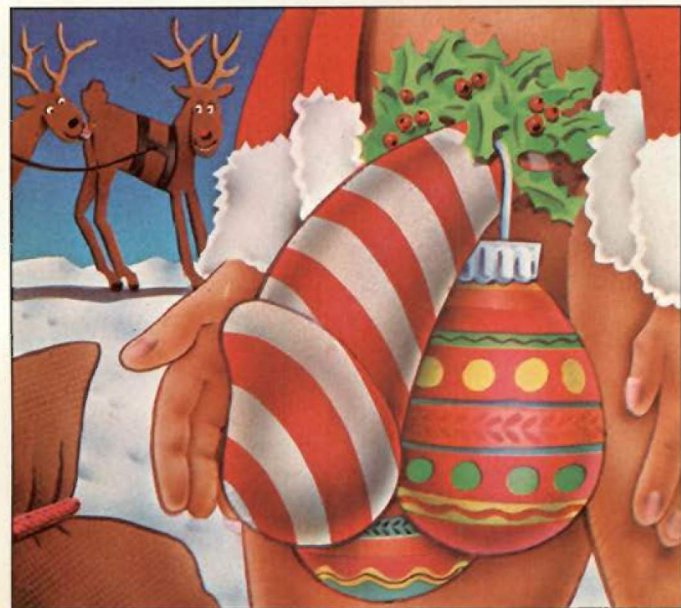
Illustrations by Tom Hachtman



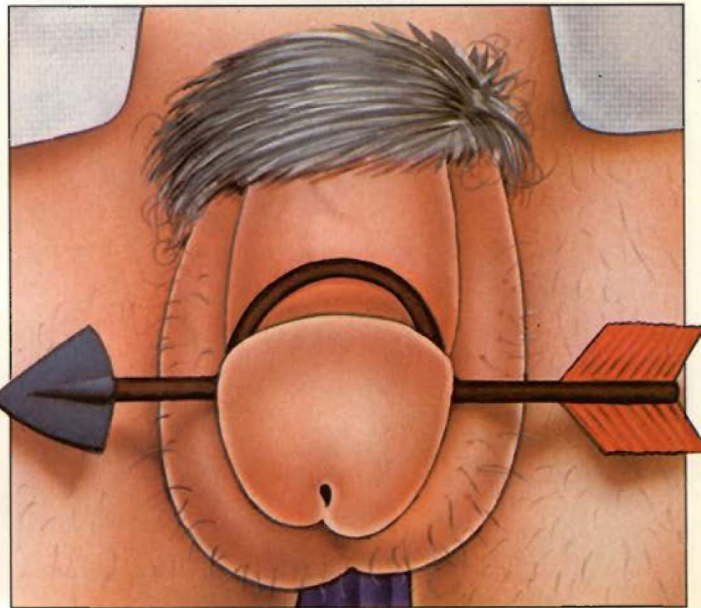
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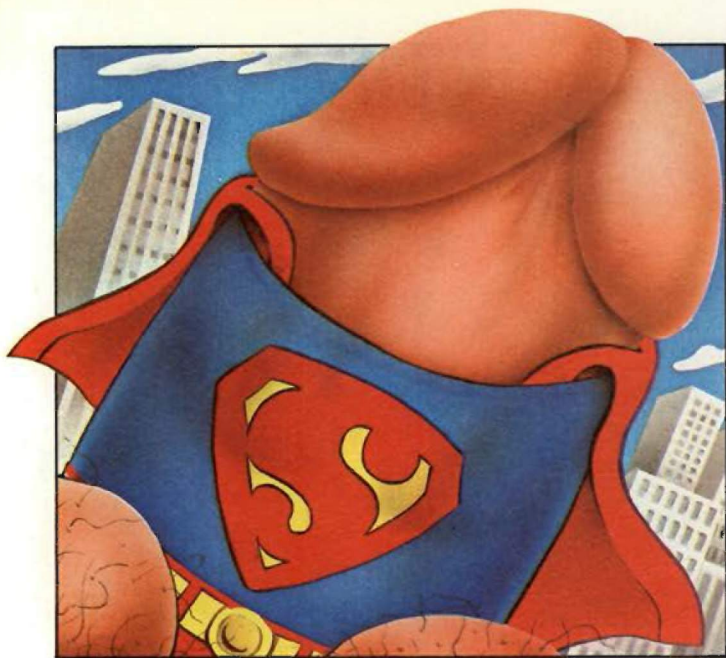
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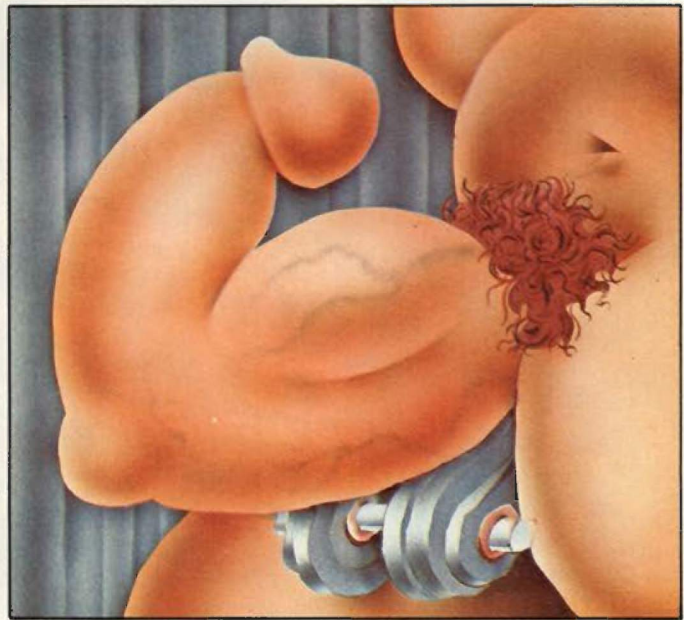
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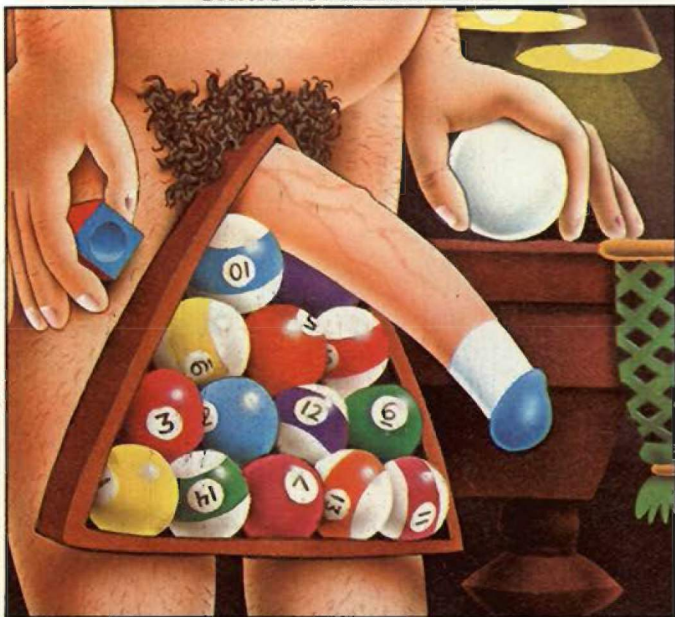
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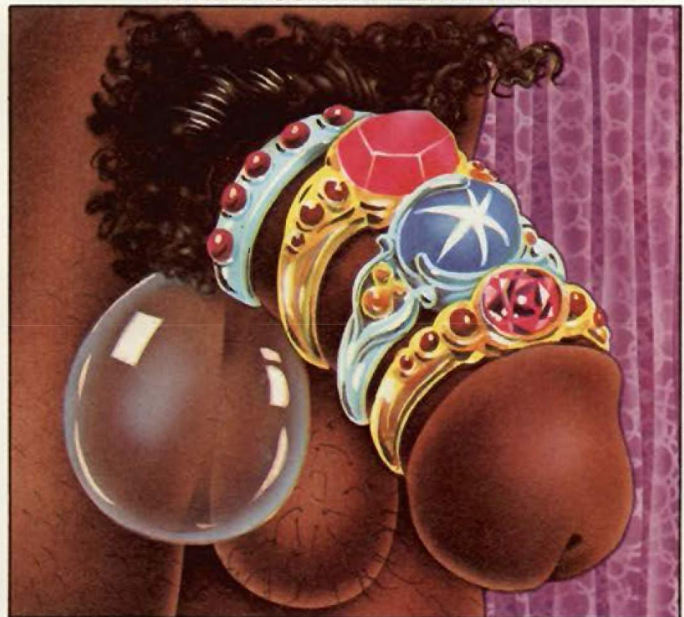
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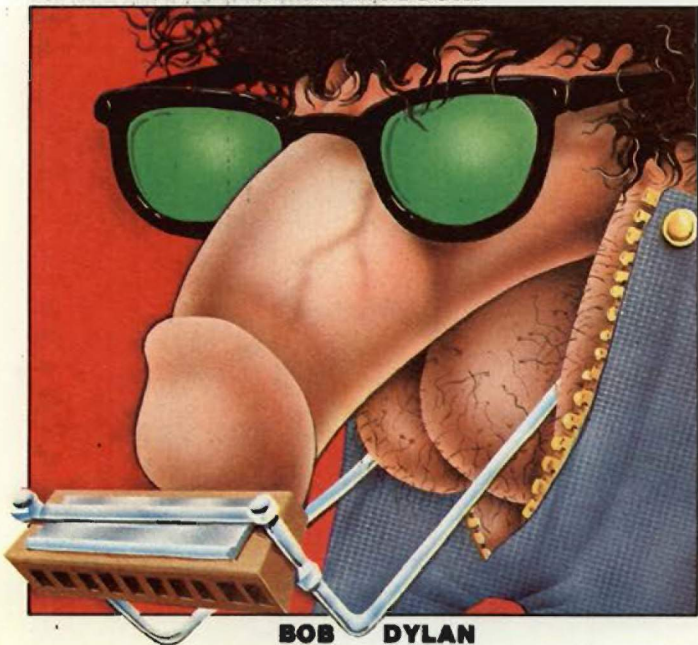
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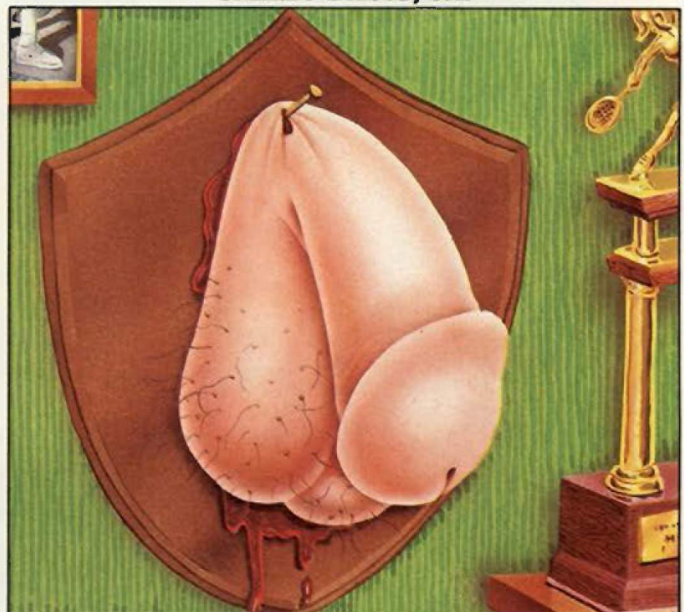
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SAMMY DAVIS, JR.



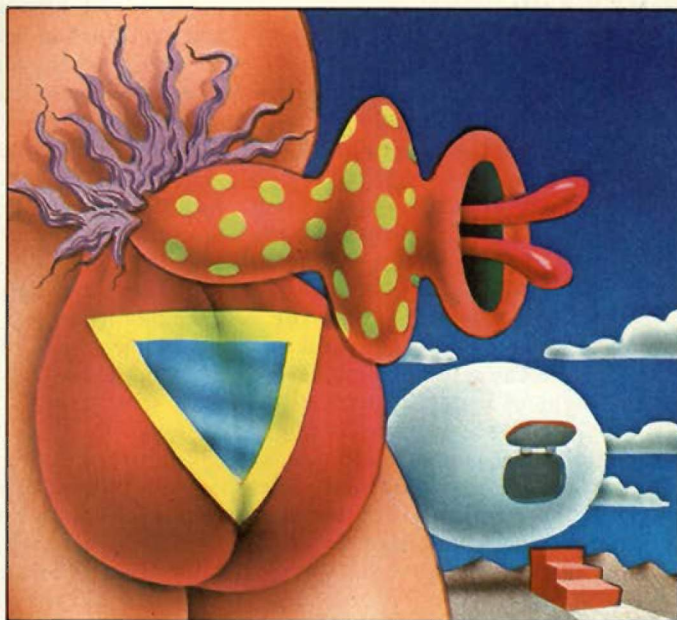
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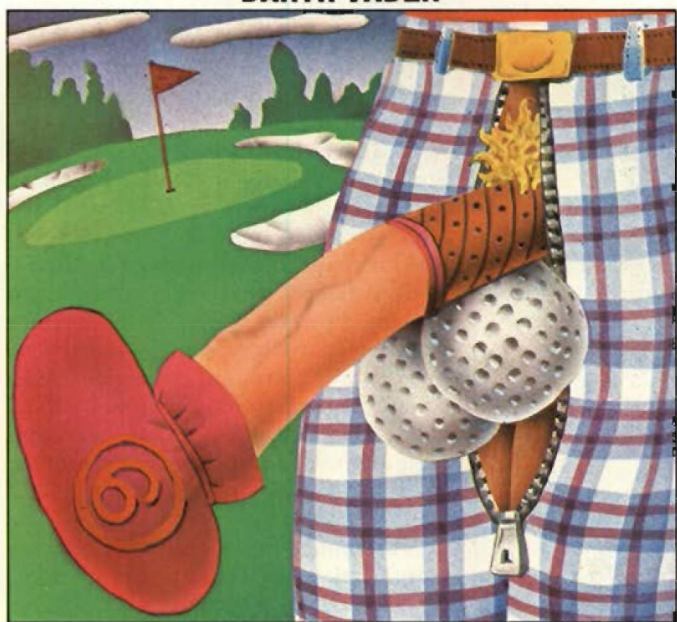
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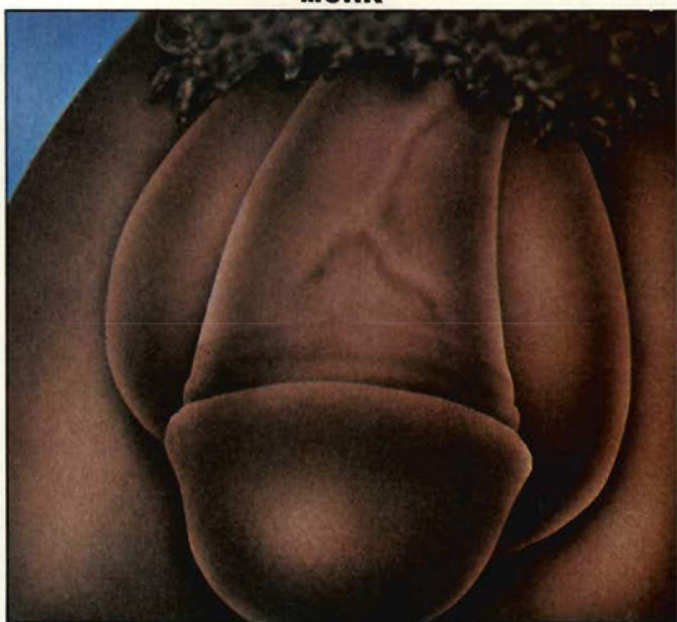
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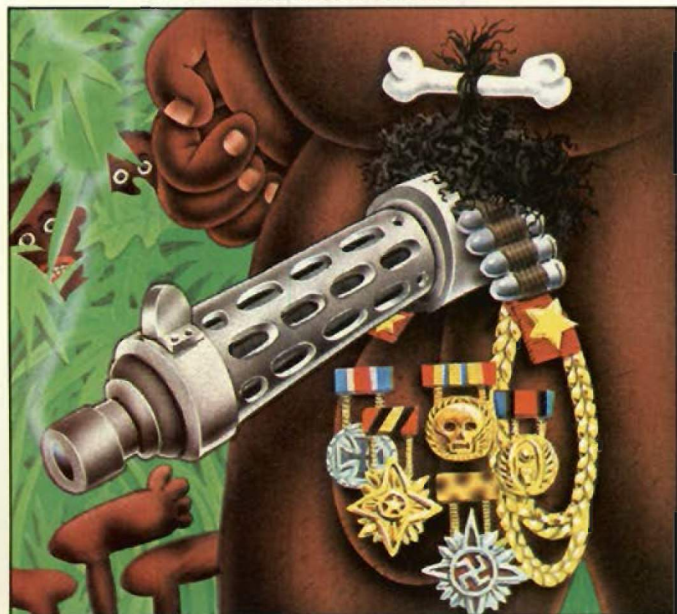


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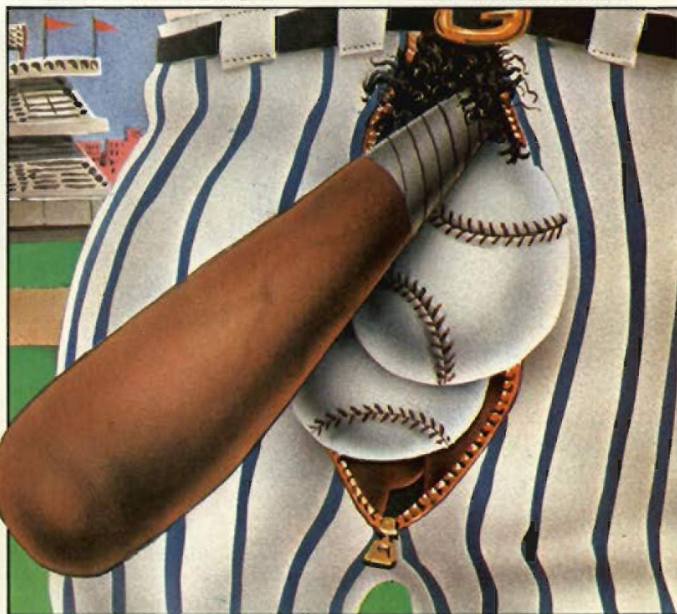


E. WASHINGTON

CAR WASH MAN



IDI AMIN



REGGIE JACKSON

WOMEN AND PORN

(continued from page 68)

Finally, in 1953, sex researcher Alfred C. Kinsey took the libido out of the textbook, allowed for the possibility that a person didn't have to be married to "do it" and announced that women were orgasmic. With that statement he alienated a large majority of the public as well as many professionals.

Kinsey then soothed everyone's wounds by announcing that a woman's sex drive wasn't as active as a man's and that the sight of a man's genitals not only didn't excite a woman, it might even inhibit her sexual response. So once again women were in second place, along with those men who continued to believe in the double standard. After all, nice guys finished, and nice girls weren't required to finish at all.

Years later William H. Masters, M.D., and Virginia Johnson started a three-ring circus with their celebrated sexual report. In 1965 they found that women were not only orgasmic but also multi-orgasmic. Not only could women come, they *wanted* to. The two researchers documented all their findings with scientific evidence. Moreover, they discovered that a woman's sexual response cycle was more similar to a man's than it was dissimilar. Heart rates,

pulse, blood pressure, genital swelling and skin flush of women having orgasm all paralleled the male response.

Women knew that although it didn't always feel good with a man, it sure felt good alone. Sixty percent of Kinsey's female subjects masturbated regularly. And Masters and Johnson found the percentage to be even higher. These statistics indicate that women have created their own fantasy world and have been having a great sex life within it for a very long time. The culturally induced problem is that, out of a sense of inhibition, they haven't been voicing these feelings.

Guilt ranks high on the scale of sexual inhibitions. It's the surest way to keep someone in his or her place. Since fantasies are a key to a successful and fulfilling sex life, and since most women have felt that they shouldn't be having them, many people have been missing out on a lot of good times. Aside from fantasies about being seduced by anonymous strangers or being raped by burly men or participating in threesomes or having sex with a parent, the female of the species hasn't had much opportunity to take her sexuality out of her cranium and put it between her thighs. The idea that pleasure is sinful has taken the joy out of one of the most pleasurable things in life and made it a drudge. In large

part organized religion must take responsibility for this.

Joseph LoPiccolo and Julia Heiman, two psychologists at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, have written that "Roman Catholic doctrine has been remarkably consistent over the last 20 centuries. . . . Only procreation justifies sexual intercourse; pleasure is to be shunned as sinful; birth control, masturbation, premarital sex and homosexuality are anathema." The Church has been playing God with our sex lives for too long, and it is time that positive, rather than negative, reinforcement be taught.

With Masters and Johnson clearing the air and women acknowledging their own sexuality, new questions have arisen. Other than through direct stimulation of the clitoris, how can a woman be titillated to the point of orgasm? How do we stop our minds from controlling what our bodies want to respond to? Can pornography really help?

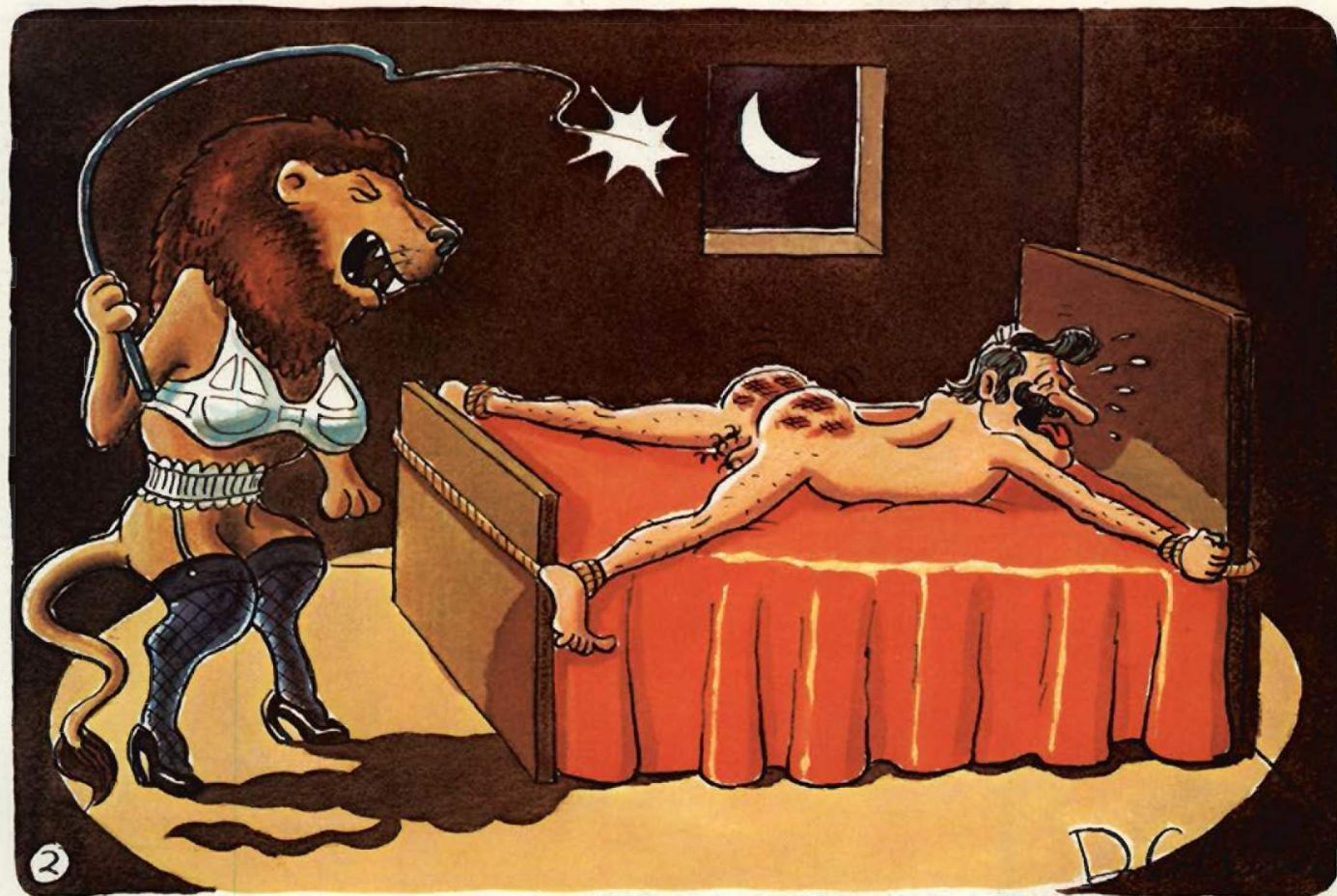
The Reverend Ted McIlvenna (interviewed in *HUSTLER*, April) says it can. As head of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, he found that overexposure to explicit sexual material—films, tapes and stories—will lead to desensitization (demythologization), which is what a woman needs to become freer sexually. His experience has been that when women are exposed to sexually explicit materials, even when they are initially turned off by them, they will eventually restructure their attitudes, or at least consider doing so, particularly if they are assured that it is OK to do so.

McIlvenna found that within six months of being inundated with films (he shows between one and 24 of them simultaneously) and being told that it was normal and natural to be turned on, the women would go home and be willing to discuss what they had been shown, reflect on the matter and then allow themselves to respond. In effect, the women became inquisitive, which is a good initial step toward restructuring attitudes.

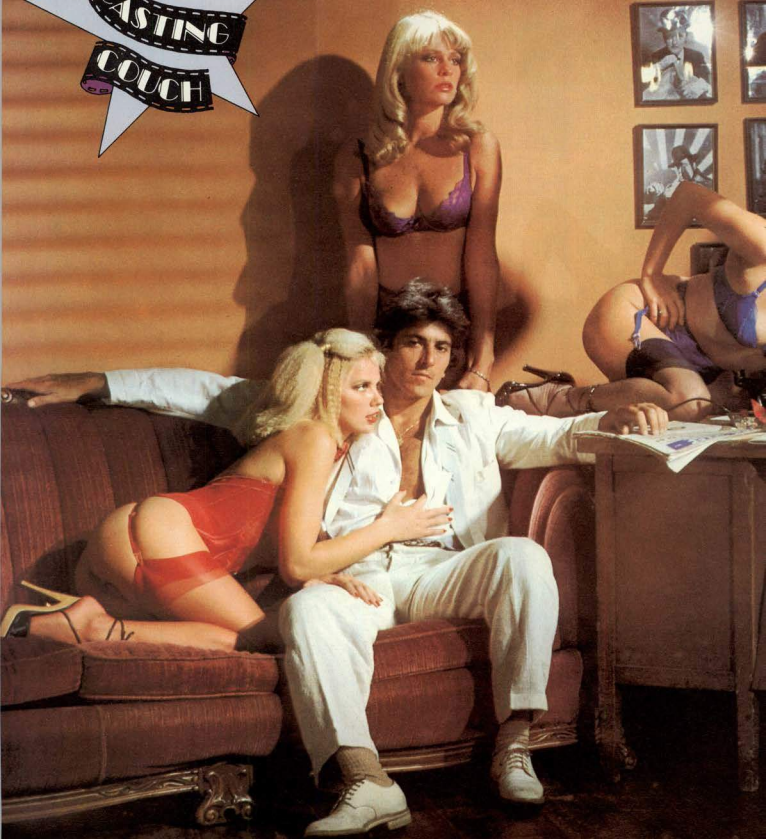
"It has been widely believed, by pornographers, by experts in sexual behavior, and by both men and women in general, that women are somehow biologically immune to porn; that their lack of pleasurable response to 'dirty' books and pictures was a permanent condition of their peculiar sexual character"—and thus, that they are better people because of it. Lois Gould's observation is both accurate and perceptive. People have been culturally conditioned to think

(continued on page 82)





The
CASTING
COUCH





It's no fun being a Hollywood agent. It's work, work, work all day long, and to make matters worse there are always too many applicants competing for too few jobs. Those eager beavers and horny young studs spend so

much time hanging around the office you'd think they'd get bored. They don't have much to do except read magazines, but what can you do? That's the problem with kids these days—you can't tell 'em anything.













WOMEN AND PORN

(continued from page 72)

that a woman who isn't able to get excited by some "filthy display" on the screen or who doesn't huff and puff at some graphic sexual detail in Frank Harris's *My Secret Life* or who doesn't blush at the words *fuck*, *cunt* or *cock* is somehow better than a man who responds positively, and that women *have* to be better than men. After all, they're supposed to be the moral backbone of the country. Sadly, that assumption has fucked up a lot of people's sex lives.

There is no more room for assumptions. There are only facts and fictions. One fiction was ended in the study Julia Heiman published in *Psychology Today* (April 1975). She had a group of men and women listen to erotic tapes and state their preferences. The men and women both agreed that the most stimulating scene occurred when the woman was the aggressor and then became more passive as the sex got under way. The next-sexiest scene was the one in which the man controlled everything from beginning to end. This confirmed Masters and Johnson's finding that men and women are more similar than dissimilar in their sexual preferences.

In a study employing erotic stories, conducted at the University of Hamburg, the results indicated that both men and women responded to the same stories but not to the same degree. Tales of sex coupled with affection were preferred by both men and women, but the men admitted to actually liking to read the stories. The women said they had mixed feelings—but the body tests showed otherwise. Four-fifths of the women registered genital sensations, to one-quarter of the men who got full erections. Again, the female mind/body split. Dr. John Wincze, Dr. Peter Hoon and Emily Frank Hoon, three researchers in the field of sexual arousal, agree with Heiman in saying that the separation of mind and body is a result of a long history of "negative labeling" of a woman's sexual feelings. In other words, what turns a person on or off is the history of his or her whole life experience—not any single event.

According to Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins University, the process of identification is different for men than for women. When a man looks at a picture of a naked woman, he takes her off the page and brings her into his fantasies—so it doesn't really matter if she's alone or not.

A woman, on the other hand, doesn't

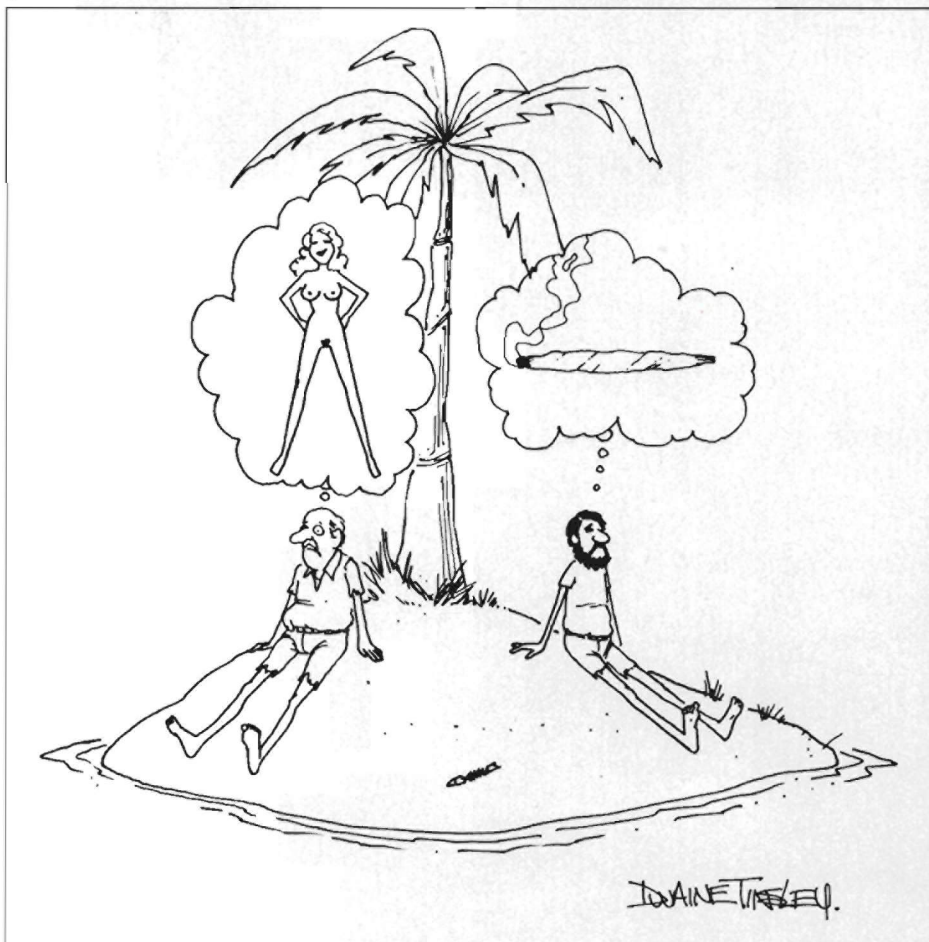
seem to be able to do that. Instead, she removes the woman and puts herself in the other woman's place. A picture of a man alone doesn't provide her with the tension she requires. Most women can't look at a naked man and imagine themselves being the aggressor, kissing him, fondling his genitals and sucking on his nipples without any external cues. However, the presence of a woman provides that cue: "If he's interested in her, he can be interested in me." Thus, the reason for women not responding to pictures of naked men standing or lying down alone is, to quote Lois Gould, because: "There's no sexual tension. Nakedness is not enough." (Women need to see couples in their fantasies even on paper and in films.)

In addition to determining which stimuli turn a woman on, it is important to note the order of events that ensue as a woman gets turned on. McIlvenna states that men are *aroused* first, then their *interest* is sparked, and then they become *curious*. Women, on the other hand, will become *interested* in something about a person (the way he dresses or smells); they will then become *curious* about who he is or what he does, and then—if satisfied with the information—they will become *aroused*. This process of excitation, describing the female response to sexual situations, explains why women don't know that they are titillated by explicit material immediately and why it takes 24 hours for many of them to become aroused.

The time factor is an important one. McIlvenna found that since it is obvious that women have been taught to be turned off and to be passive, then the opposite may be true as well. Women can be taught to be turned on. Whereas men are much more in touch with the response of their genitals, women need to be *told* to become aware of their bodily responses. To analyze why this is so is futile; what must be looked at is *how* to change it.

For starters we can take explicit books, movies and tapes out of clinical surroundings and use them in real-life situations, always keeping in mind that the right to enjoy sex is an inalienable one, that the ability to receive pleasure is something we have from birth. Infants are born with the ability to please themselves. The newborn is his own sex object. In fact, he or she is autoerotic. But with constant vigilance and equally constant repression, society, organized religion and well-meaning parents teach a child that feeling good is bad. You can't blame a parent for that, because they all suffer from the same learned

(continued on page 110)





"Good grief! You've been reading HUSTLER again!"



RED FERGUSON



IN THE END IT TOOK THREE MEN TO BRING HIM DOWN.

Red Ferguson was so big he blocked the sun for two counties. He had a head like an obscene pumpkin and fists like five-pound hams. The rest of his hulking frame was covered with a mass of red hair that looked as though it had just been swept from the barber's floor and pasted on his skin. He had the relaxed demeanor of Genghis Khan, the compassion of Rudolf Hess and the sensitivity of Richard Nixon. Whenever Red Ferguson entered one of the bars along the docks

Fiction by James Dalessandro

and flats in Cleveland, men who were tough by anyone's standards would suddenly face the mirror and act as though they were silently nursing a drink.

The kindest thing that anyone could say about Red Ferguson was that they pitied him. As a child he was overgrown and ugly, and so forced to fight for whatever pride and human decency even a child requires. His old man was a drunk and his mother was a whore. He spent most of his time exercising his one-man vendetta against the human race.

He was the fear that gnawed at everyone's insides, the monster that sits on the other side of the room, waiting for a reason to explode. He couldn't last.

But in the end it took three men—a twisted dock foreman named Louie the Pervert, Walter Gibraltar, an Italian bartender in a Polish bar, and an old Chinaman named Chi Ling—to bring him down.

Red Ferguson sat alone on the loading docks, cold concrete under his ass, watching the sweat drip from his forehead onto his filthy jeans. He looked at the clock: 4:50 a.m., only ten more minutes of an inhuman shift that began at 9:00 at night. His arms ached horribly from unloading 5,000 watermelons.

Red unloaded the produce trucks that

wheezed into the loading docks carrying cargoes from all over—potatoes from Idaho, melons from Georgia, bananas from South America—while the union guys drank coffee and pushed their brooms. In the hierarchy of human existence Red Ferguson was so low that next to him an amoeba's asshole looked like the rising sun.

Six weeks, he thought to himself, six weeks. *This must be the longest I ever had one job.* There was an empty feeling in the pit of his stomach, as if he wouldn't last there either.

He looked at Louie the Pervert inside the glass office, reading the *National Enquirer* through the bottom of his bifocals. Louie, a wrinkled, raving lunatic who treated everyone on the docks like dirt, was the boss of the night shift. Louie's brother was the president of the company. Every night Louie would sit in his office, with the heat turned up to 90, wearing a wool sweater with no shirt underneath, and wait until the very last minute to free his men from their hunger and exhaustion, though he knew the last truck had already come and gone. It was a sadistic game, and the old man played it to the hilt, casually flipping the pages from one juicy story to the next.

A putrid-brown sun was rising above the stacks of the steel mills, illuminating Lake Erie like a giant pool of cold,

greasy dishwater. Louie the Pervert painfully folded his worn newspaper and pulled the stack of pay envelopes from the top drawer of his desk. Slowly, with the same exaggerated indifference that Louie displayed toward them, the workers formed a single-file line in front of his office.

One by one, with the pathetic slowness of a man handing over his last loaf of bread, Louie gave each man his check, looking them in the eye with a deadpan sorrow that could have chilled an undertaker. As they struggled toward the front, according to seniority and time cards, Red Ferguson loitered near the back with his head down.

When he finally stepped up to Louie, all of the other men had already headed for their cars. For an instant the old man's expression changed, a glint of triumph on his face. His upper lip curled slightly, revealing a patch of red gums. His teeth were in a jar above the filing cabinet.

Red Ferguson took his check and stared down into Louie's craggy face. Louie returned the stare momentarily; then Red turned and slammed the door shut behind him. Red had almost begun to feel like he belonged there, although he was alone from the time he came until the time he left. Red Ferguson was always alone.

But when he worked, performing the mechanical chore of pumping melon after melon, case after case, somehow his thoughts began to drift—as though his body were on automatic pilot but his mind were free.

As he walked toward the smoggy morning that had crept into the parking lot, he peeled open his pay envelope. Inside, in addition to his check, was the little pink slip that said Louie the Pervert had elected to can his ass. There was no explanation. Louie didn't need a reason. His brother was the president of the company.

The animal in Red Ferguson had begun to stir already, as Louie had delivered the first blow in the painful demise of Red Ferguson.

He walked the long, hard blocks to Dumbrowski's Tavern, where most of the dockworkers gathered to drink their breakfast at 6:00 a.m. On Fridays, which were paydays, the tiny bar would be packed, the jukebox blaring, the men all laughing and telling their stories.

Hatcheck Wachala and her girlfriend Dark Shadows would be cooking in the tiny kitchen and pushing moundsful of the house specialty, scrambled eggs, across the counter.

For the longest minute he stood outside the door, examining the hard gray





"Oh, dear God, save this poor sinner from her wayward ways . . . after she's finished.

buildings that lined the street in front of him. The loneliness wrestled with the hatred inside of Red Ferguson.

Finally he ran his thick right hand through his mass of hair and pushed his way inside. The noise of the jukebox and the shouting, drinking men hit him like a blast of hot air. He did not want to be there, but he had no place else to go. He avoided as many stares as possible as he made his way to the end of the bar and settled his giant frame onto a bar stool. Somehow a mug of beer appeared in front of him, and he drank long and hard.

The bartender, who everyone called Walter Gibraltar for obvious reasons, was pouring shots and wiping down the bar as he went. Behind the bar hung a collection of Walter's boxing pictures, taken in the early '40s when he was a top-ranked heavyweight contender.

Walter Gibraltar was the antithesis of Red Ferguson, a tall, quiet, noble-looking Italian of 43. He was as close to a living legend as you are likely to find in a town that is short on legends. He worked out in the local gym and boxing clubs religiously, keeping his body honed to perfection. As he moved gracefully behind the bar, the muscles in his torso rippled through his neat black Ban-Lon shirt. When asked about his exploits or the size of his arms, he would

run his enormous hands through his silver hair, the picture of warmth and humility.

It was rumored that if any man in Cleveland could whip Red Ferguson, it was Walter Gibraltar. But for reasons only the bartender could explain he was the least inclined to try. For more than any other man, Walter had seen the bullies and braggarts of the earth, and he somehow knew the pain and loneliness that Red Ferguson felt.

Without being overly obvious he had tried to be friendly to the red-haired giant, occasionally buying him a beer and engaging him in small talk. They had been seen at the bar, Red Ferguson and Walter Gibraltar, talking about football and work and the weather, the things that men most often talk about when they have nothing to say to each other.

The clamor of the jukebox and the shouting men annoyed Red Ferguson as he sat with his head down, drinking double shots of bourbon with beer chasers as fast as Walter saw fit to refill his glass. Hatcheck Wachala stared across a mountain of scrambled eggs at Red, who was slowly getting drunker and beginning to mumble to himself. She began to worry. She turned to Dark Shadows, who was busily buttering a mountain of toast for the famished workers, oblivious

to everything.

Both Hatcheck Wachala and Dark Shadows were in their middle 20s, looking closer to 40, fat, tired and beaten. They had bags under their eyes that could have carried a bowling ball and ten pounds of groceries.

In the mornings, as their sole source of support, they manned the kitchen for Walter Gibraltar, feeding the tired dockworkers and truck drivers and factory workers who pulled the night shift. They called her Hatcheck Wachala because in the evenings so many men came and went through her apartment that one needed a hatcheck. It would be incorrect to call either of them a whore, for whores are those mythological characters who do, on a daily basis, what most women have neither the courage nor desperation to attempt. Besides, whores get paid, usually.

She was a Florence Nightingale of the flesh, this Hatcheck Wachala, spreading her warm, oatmeal thighs for the wounded and miserable armies of the world, massaging a little bit of sexual salve into the charley horse of human loneliness.

They called her girlfriend Dark Shadows because she was one of those morose characters who sit before a bar-room mirror without casting a reflection, and because her underarms bore a strange resemblance to a lunar eclipse.

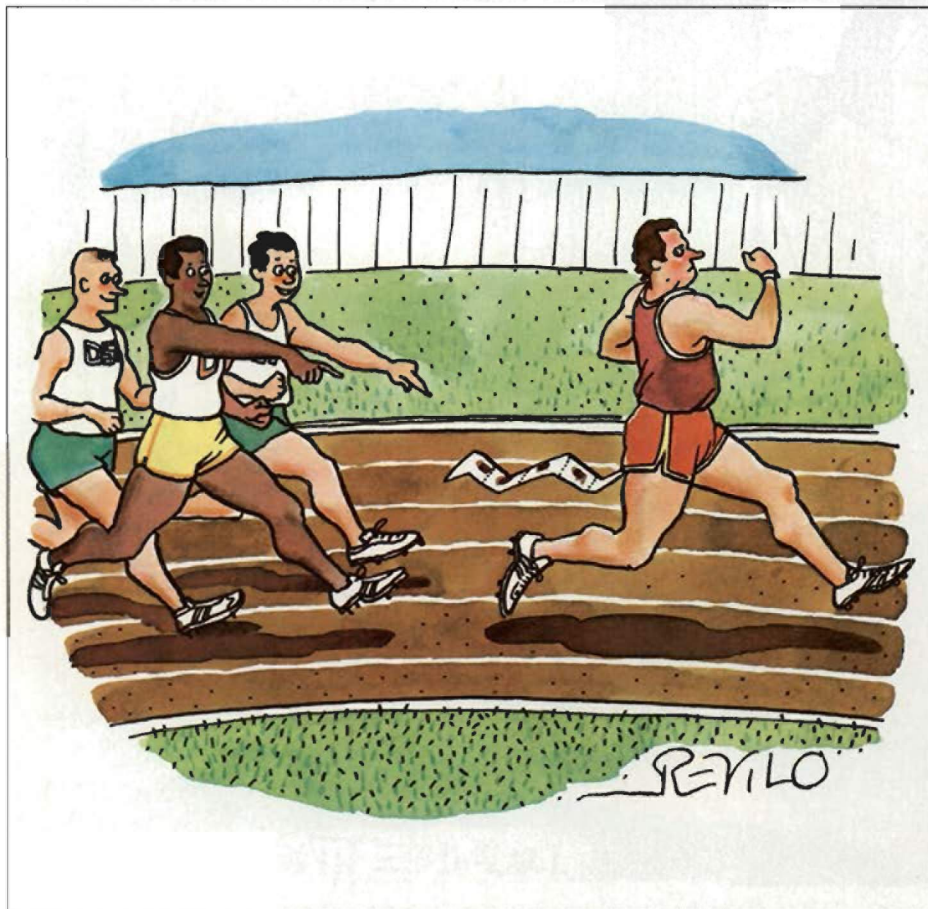
Hatcheck Wachala was the only piece of ass Red Ferguson had ever had. Until he met her, shortly after starting at the warehouse, his sex life consisted of a series of attempted rapes and a pile of stiff Kleenex that covered the dirty loft where he slept.

In the evenings Hatcheck Wachala would trudge her way to Red Ferguson's loft, where she and Red would play out their comedy of eros. He would sit in the corner, jerking off, while she whirled around the room, a famous stripper. "Oh, you handsome bastard," she pleaded, shaking her ass. "I want you to fuck me half to death; make me scream." And then the whole scene: the bare lightbulb overhead, the sagging tits unwrapped from the itchy sweater, Red flogging his dick, the light sound of his balls flapping against his hand.

Hatcheck would parade around in the black-leather boots she found at the Salvation Army, her fat thighs quivering as she pirouetted clumsily across the wooden floor, her boots too small, squeaking like an old woman's.

They played a dozen games in his dusty loft. She wore little black shawls, talked dirty, talked baby talk. Then she would bend over his bed—a couple of

(continued on page 116)



Beaver Hunt

We know the long hot summer sends most Beavers running for the shade. But HUSTLER is still on the lookout for guys, gals and couples who want to strut their stuff. We'll pay you 50 bucks for every photo we publish, so haul the camera out of storage and get those steamy color snapshots rolling in. And if you appear hot enough, we might even select you for an extended photo-feature at profes-

sional-model rates. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

Send all entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 94 or a facsimile, and please be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your reward.

Photo by B. B.



Twenty-year-old B. K. from Boulder, Colorado, likes tennis, reading and, of course, sex. She fantasizes about making love on a mountaintop while the sounds of screwing "echo down a canyon."

Photo by K. J. Garton



Meet Marcia Zavala, a 22-year-old student from Houston, Texas. She enjoys playing tennis and listening to music, and claims she has no sexual fantasies apart from "keeping her boyfriend satisfied at all times."

Photo by Mark T.



Coreen Pearsen is a skinny-dipping physical therapist from Milford, Connecticut. She's 22 and tells us she "wants to make love to John Holmes in a porn movie and then watch it with my friends."

Jill T. from Whittier, California, is a 32-year-old salesperson whose hobbies are sunning and sex. She dreams of stripping at a party where "all the sharp men have me lay on the floor, kiss me all over and screw me all night."

Photo by Friend



Photo by Chet Malin

Melrose Park, Illinois, is the home of 30-year-old Charlette Bickley, who enjoys riding both horses and motorbikes.

Charlette fantasizes about making love to "three famous actors at the same time" when she's not working as a waitress.



Photo by Mr. B.



Eighteen-year-old Karen Hine hails from Binghamton, New York. She enjoys dancing, swimming and showing her beaver to HUSTLER readers.



Photo by George Urciuoli, Jr.

"I have already had three guys at once and would like to try for more," says Jessie B. from Riverside, California. Jessie's a 34-year-old clerk, and her hobbies are fishing, waterskiing and outdoor fucking.



Photo by Mr. Williams

Twenty-one-year-old S. B. from Washington, D.C., likes to play strip poker, and doesn't mind losing. Her sexual fantasy is to be "stranded on an island with John Dillinger."



Photo by John Hall



Ann McCuen from Anderson, South Carolina, is a 27-year-old housewife who likes "having her husband give her every inch he's got so she can feel his balls up to her ass."

Maureen is 26 and lives in Wichita, Kansas. She likes to sunbathe and take long vacations, and dreams of someday "belonging totally to one excellent lover."

Photo by Simeon



Photo by J. Pierpont



Twenty-eight-year-old Melissa Thompson from Warren, Michigan, works as a beautician when not out bowling with friends. In her spare time she dreams about "making out with two superstuds."

One for Granny!

Photo by Merle Traub



Seventy-five years old and every inch a stud, Merle Traub hails from Chilliwack, British Columbia, Canada. He enjoys walking, taking pictures of his cock and dreaming of shaved beavers.

Dorothy I. is waiting to find the person able to give her the "biggest bell-ringing orgasm of all time." Meanwhile, this 19-year-old student from Portland, Oregon, practices nudism. Good hunting, Dorothy!



Photo by Leonard Kline



Photo by Ken O'Brien

A Syracuse, Indiana, Beaver, Joni Denney is a 20-year-old salesperson who wants to go horseback riding in the nude with "some nice-looking hunk."



HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 48)

expressed a problem with reaching a fair and impartial decision because his wife is a teacher in a local Catholic school. The clear implication was that if he voted for acquittal, his wife's job would have been endangered.

During the course of the trial Lambros continued to show what seemed to me to be his blatant partiality, frequently stating (out of earshot of the jury) that in his opinion HUSTLER was not protected by the First Amendment because it was obscene. Indeed, many of his rulings seemed to be based on that conviction, despite the clear feeling of

the U.S. Supreme Court that material must be presumed to be protected by the First Amendment until a jury decides otherwise.

Most galling of all, however, was Lambros's tendency to look to the prosecutors for guidance before making a decision on a complicated legal issue. On at least one occasion I actually heard him ask the prosecutors how he should rule. It is a kindness to refer to the judge only as a stupid shit.

The nature of the case was this: According to the guidelines set down by the U.S. Supreme Court and in conformance with the laws of the State of Georgia, material is obscene if: (1) taken as a whole it predominantly appeals to the average person's prurient (shameful or morbid) interest in sex, nudity or excretion; and (2) it exceeds community standards (in this case those of Fulton County); and (3) it is totally lacking in literary, scientific, political, artistic or educational value. If the publications in question (HUSTLER and CHIC) failed to meet any one of those three tests to establish obscenity, an acquittal would have been mandatory. But the defense had gathered a group of expert witnesses to testify that both magazines did not meet any of the three criteria.

Thanks to Judge Lambros, however, many of these witnesses did not get to testify before the jury. The judge's first victim was Dr. Charles Winick, a psychologist and professor of sociology at the City University of New York, considered by many to be one of the leading public-opinion experts in the country. His credits, too numerous to list here in full, include being a consultant on broadcast standards to ABC and CBS and being an opinion researcher and government adviser to the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography.

Winick had been hired by defense attorney Fahringer to survey, in Fulton County, community standards on adult materials. But before Winick could testify, Assistant Solicitor George Weaver objected that the professor did not qualify as an "expert witness" because his survey had not been extensive enough, the questions had not been clear enough and, most notably, he personally had not gone door to door.

Instead, Winick had hired an accredited team of interviewers for that purpose, a time-honored technique used by all the survey organizations, including the Gallup Poll and the Harris Poll. The defense argued that the "hearsay rule" did not apply in this instance because, even though Winick hadn't conducted

the survey personally, the Supreme Court had agreed that such surveys are the most reliable way to establish community standards. Besides, Winick previously had been recognized as an expert in many other obscenity trials, including the *Screw* trial in Wichita, Kansas, the HUSTLER trial in Cincinnati, Ohio, and even the HUSTLER trial in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

No matter. By the time arguments had reached this point, the judge had bowed to the prosecution's demand that the jury be removed from the courtroom. By precedent, Fahringer pointed out, such challenges to a witness's credibility are argued in front of the jury.

Lambros, sounding for all the world like the mayor in TV's *Carter Country*, stated: "But the witness says he did not personally do the survey. How can the court know if the survey is indicative of the people in Fulton County?"

When the defense cited a number of decisions handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court, Lambros responded: "Well, then give me one *Georgia* case as a precedent."

Fahringer maintained his dignity. "Your Honor," he complained stoically, "doesn't the prosecution have an obligation to present a case saying that [this evidence] is not admissible? We have a case saying it is."

Instead of dealing with Fahringer's point, the judge asked about the prosecution's objection to the kinds of questions asked in the survey. Weaver claimed some of the questions had not been relevant, although Winick explained that most of them had been designed to hide the real subject being surveyed.

Fahringer: "Your Honor, we can't design questions the prosecution likes." Again Fahringer reminded the judge that this issue should have been argued by the prosecution in front of the jury during cross-examination.

The judge continued to ignore the defense lawyer's pleas, changing the subject yet again. "I have a problem," Lambros drawled, "with the number of people questioned in the survey."

Winick had stated that only 140 people had been interviewed, but he quickly pointed out that this was a reasonable number considering the population of Fulton County. Surveys for presidential elections, which have correctly predicted the outcomes since 1948, use only 2,000 people nationwide. Winick also testified that this was the first time in 30 years anyone had ever questioned his field office's accuracy.

Nevertheless, Lambros was unswayed; Winick would not be allowed to

HUSTLER

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testify in front of the jury. The judge did, however, agree to let Winick put his testimony into the record. In brief: 84 percent of all those surveyed agreed that adults have the right to read what they want, and 68 percent thought it was all right to read sexually explicit materials. Winick also testified that, based on his experience and his survey, the magazines in question were not patently offensive when considered in light of the community standards of Fulton County.

There was one curiously revealing moment during all of this. During cross-examination Weaver held up a copy of the Butch and Peaches shooting (depicting a black stud and his white Georgia Peach), which appeared in *BEST OF HUSTLER* #2. Weaver, seeming personally repulsed by the photos, asked Winick if the pictures weren't offensive to local community standards. In fact, the shooting was quite tame... only the interracial theme set it apart from numerous other men's-magazine pictorials. It's hard not to see Weaver's cross-examination as an example of bigotry and racism.

There were many other photo shootings to pick from, but time and time again during the course of the trial Weaver returned to Butch and Peaches. True, he believed this material would have been obscene even without the interracial theme, just as he seemed to believe (judging from the questions he asked and his tone of voice) that oral sex was offensive to community standards. But it seemed clear to me that the Butch and Peaches pictorial was particularly odious to the prosecutors—all of them. Even Hairston—the black prosecutor—seemed offended, thereby supplying a touch of reverse discrimination.

Yet for all of this foolishness Weaver was not without guile. As previously stated, part of the Supreme Court test on obscenity is whether material appeals predominantly to a shameful or morbid interest in sex. This means, of course, that one is sexually turned on by the material and hence motivated to commit a sexual act. But during the trial Weaver would cleverly seek to confuse the jurors as to the meaning of "prurient interest."

Thus, when he asked a witness about an abortion cartoon that ran in the June 1977 issue of *HUSTLER* (depicting an aborted fetus laying on the floor with a young girl's mother complaining about always having to clean up after her daughter), Weaver wanted to know if a person viewing the cartoon might not be ashamed. In other words, Weaver insinuated that if the cartoon's subject were sex and a person were embarrassed by looking at it, the cartoon therefore

would meet the Supreme Court definition of obscenity. This is, of course, nonsense. If that were the test, even an article on syphilis could be judged obscene.

Not all of *HUSTLER*'s witnesses were prevented from testifying before the jury. Most notable among those who helped present the defense's case to the jurors were Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy and John Henry Faulk. Pomeroy, famed co-author of the Kinsey Report, testified that in his opinion the indicted issues did not appeal to the average person's prurient interest. Faulk, aside from appearing regularly on TV's *Hee Haw*, has a background in American folk literature. He testified that in his view the magazines in question did have redeeming literary value. Faulk's credentials were all the more impressive because he himself had been a victim of blacklisting during the McCarthy era.

But aside from Winick, at least three other witnesses considered crucial to the defense were forced to give their testimony out of earshot of the jury. The first was Durwood Myers, a private investigator hired by the defense to survey Atlanta book and magazine stores, again in an effort to establish community standards. The second, Eloise Newhard, investigated the li-

braries of Fulton County. Both of these witnesses testified that they found sexually candid material widespread throughout Fulton County.

Were there a jury present, Newhard would have been particularly effective with her testimony. She found that the Fulton County libraries contain numerous books on homosexuality, bestiality, lesbianism and sadomasochism, many of which bear explicit illustrations, including depictions of male and female masturbation and fellatio. Furthermore, Newhard testified, books such as Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, Alex Comfort's *Joy of Sex* and almost anything by Harold Robbins (all of which contain sexually explicit passages) are always checked out.

In an effort to discredit Newhard, Weaver argued (1) that the publications cited were not relevant because they are primarily informational while *HUSTLER* and *CHIC* are not (I'm sure a lot of readers would argue that point) and (2) that people outside of Fulton County also have access to its libraries.

Both arguments were flimsy, but Paul Cambria dealt a clean blow to the latter when he said: "Are we to assume the Fulton County libraries exist to service other counties?"

The final witness prevented from

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testifying before the jury was Fay McCoy, chief financial officer of Atlanta News, the wholesaler that had distributed the issues in question. The defense wanted McCoy's testimony as to the volume of sales for men's magazines (including HUSTLER) in Fulton County during the time the 11 issues were sold, again in an effort to establish community standards. Before he could say anything relevant to the case, the jury was once again ordered to leave.

It was hoped that McCoy's testimony would reveal that from May of '77 through January of '78, 1,235,000 copies of various sex magazines were distributed in 327 stores in Fulton County. Not an insignificant figure when one considers the fact that Fulton County (including Atlanta) only has a total population of approximately 600,000 people.

But this information on community standards was never presented to the jury because, according to the judge, it was hearsay information taken second-hand from the Atlanta News computer. The original data had been destroyed during the normal course of the distributor's business.

One last point here. The prosecutors not only prevented key testimony from reaching the jury, but also disallowed key evidence: The jurors were not

allowed to see comparable magazines sold during the same period. These magazines included *High Society*, *Oui*, *Gallery*, *Cheri*, etc., all of which would have helped to establish community standards. So as a last resort the defense rented a bus and offered to show the jurors around their city, spotlighting the adult-book stores, X-rated theaters and strip joints. Of course, this offer too was rejected by the judge.

Unlike their counterparts in the Wichita and Cincinnati trials, which I also covered (*Screw on Trial*, HUSTLER, October 1976, and *HUSTLER on Trial*, June and July 1977), I found the prosecutors in the Atlanta trial friendly and willing to talk to me despite my known affiliation with HUSTLER. To a man they seemed sincere and surprisingly uniform in their belief that HUSTLER was a menace to society and a blasphemy against God. This latter point, while seemingly out of place in a court of law, reflected the heavily religious background of the men working for the Solicitor General. They, in turn, reflected the attitudes of their boss. Presumably McAuliffe considers a person's religious background when he hires people.

George Weaver, who looks like a young Hugh Hefner, was the one with whom I had the most in-depth talk. I think his views were representative of those of his colleagues.

The bottom line of Weaver's argument was: Human nature is defective. Man cannot be trusted with his own destiny. To quote Weaver: "We can't have confidence in ourselves. We're not perfectable. . . . The fact that HUSTLER's available creates a market—anyone can be tempted." Hence, the state must come in and regulate our lives and even our morality. McAuliffe and Hairston both echoed Weaver's assertion that all laws are reflective of morality—thus, the regulation of morality by the state is both acceptable and just.

"To the degree we are obsessed with sex, we lack creative energy, which limits our ability to accomplish more creative things," Weaver told me. "Material such as HUSTLER is a threat to the morality and fabric of our country. Whatever greatness America has left must be used to protect it from corruption. We are getting weak if we can't even apply the death penalty."

"Solzhenitsyn put it well at Harvard," Weaver added. "We are obsessed with our rights."

You will recall that the exiled Russian's more salient recommendations in-

cluded censorship of the press and fewer individual rights.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: "A person who works and leads a meaningful life does not need this excessive, burdening flow of information. . . . The defense of individual rights has reached such extremes as to make society as a whole defenseless against certain individuals."

My own feeling is that the real danger to our country is from the poisons and carcinogens in our air, water and food. Even as Weaver and I spoke, the Three Mile Island disaster in Pennsylvania was just becoming known through the press. But the prosecutor underlined his position by saying pornography could be more harmful than cancer if it leads to "the collapse of society due to the weakening of our moral fabric."

When the defense rested its case, the prosecution brought on its rebuttal witnesses. First among them was Dr. Fred Crawford, who possesses a doctorate in sociology. In 1976, at another McAuliffe obscenity trial (against *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Penthouse*), he had testified that he considered those magazines to be obscene.

So it wasn't surprising that at Larry Flynt's trial Crawford said HUSTLER and CHIC did, in fact, appeal to the prurient interest of the average person in Fulton County. Specifically, he cited elements in HUSTLER dealing with "fecal matter," such as the cartoon of a nun shitting a cross (August 1977 issue). But on cross-examination by Fahringer he also admitted to finding *Advise & Consent* (HUSTLER's sexual-advice column), some letters to the editor and even the magazine's editorials to be obscene.

In particular, Crawford pointed to Larry's *Publisher's Statement* entitled "Liberation Through Sex" (September 1977). That editorial suggested—validly, I think—that the exposure of female genitalia lifts women out of the realm of fantasy, forcing men to confront female sexuality and their own role as bedmates.

"Our readers can see these girls not as objects," wrote Flynt, "but as examples of sex partners who have rights to sexual satisfaction and who won't be partners with men who aren't willing to give them that satisfaction."

When asked by Fahringer exactly why that material was, in his opinion, obscene, Crawford replied that it would "motivate toward increasing an interest in female nudity."

Fahringer: "What about the editorial strikes you as a morbid and shameful interest in sex?"

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Crawford: "The definition of the female body—without allowing other definitions. And the focus on the female genitals."

Fahringer: "He said a woman's body is beautiful. Isn't that normal? Is it morbid and shameful?"

Crawford: "To me, no. But the average person may find it so. The idea of giving female genitals prominence is considered to be unhealthy by normal people."

Later on in his testimony Crawford elaborated: "Once knowledge is in the mind, a person knows something they didn't know before... so [the person] can't return to the status quo... Latent capabilities exist in all of us. Each time we introduce new information to the brain, the composition of the brain changes." (A small point here. My notes indicated that Crawford had used the word *brain* in his testimony. As a scholar he should have known that the proper word is *mind*. It's the composition of the mind that changes.)

In any event, Dr. Crawford also found the *Asshole of the Month* page in HUSTLER obscene because "anybody who takes a stand against Flynt becomes Asshole of the Month... Consequently, we're wrong because we think Flynt's wrong." Even more curious, he considered the HUSTLER article on child abuse (October 1977) obscene solely because it had appeared in HUSTLER. If, by Crawford's reasoning, it had appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, say, it would not be obscene.

One final note of interest about Crawford. At one point during his cross-examination Fahringer changed tactics to ask the state's witness his definition of the "average person."

"At a previous trial," Fahringer reminded Crawford, "you testified the average person in Atlanta is white and married."

Crawford, aware of his *faux pas*, rushed to amend his answer: "It's changed. The majority in Atlanta is black, not white."

Fahringer: "But that [the previous trial] was only a few months ago."

Crawford came off as an intellectual giant next to the state's final witness. The purple-haired Dr. Jo Cooley looks like she could be either your aunt or a refugee from the geriatrics ward. She teaches development psychology at Georgia State University, although her doctorate is not in that field (it's in school administration).

Remember, she was testifying for the prosecution when Weaver asked her if she had examined the magazines in

question and if she had formed an opinion as to whether or not she considered them to be obscene.

Cooley: "I said I have an opinion... let me think a moment."

Weaver, repeating himself: "Do you have an opinion?"

Cooley: "Let me back up and explain my feelings. Human needs include sex. I don't think the average person has hot blood for sex."

Weaver, again prodding the witness: "Do the magazines in question appeal to a prurient interest in sex?"

Cooley: "No, generally speaking, they do not."

Weaver was stunned. I think it was clear to everyone in the courtroom that the old biddy had a few stripped gears. It would have been no less obvious to Weaver, who stood silently staring at the woman like most people look at a flushing toilet.

Finally, prevented by the judge from reasking the same question, Weaver tried to zero in from a different direction.

Dr. Cooley's answer: "If you have your senses titillated to a lustful degree, you may have prurient interest, but the average person does not necessarily have a prurient interest."

Not surprisingly, when Weaver sat down defeated, the defense had no further questions of the witness.

During the brief recess that followed, curiosity drove me to the prosecutor's table to eavesdrop on Cooley. It was immediately apparent to me that she did not understand what had just happened.

"You were supposed to say they were obscene," Weaver said glumly.

"But I did say that," Cooley answered, blinking her eyes in nervous confusion. "They're obscene but ordinarily wouldn't appeal to the prurient interest. Only when aroused, they would." Whatever the hell that meant.

"You did the best you could," Weaver answered.

As it turned out, the state wasn't finished with Cooley. The next morning the prosecutors pleaded with the judge to let the state's witness change her original statement. Her reputation in the community was at stake, they explained, even her job. The judge, overruling his previous decision, agreed that her job and her reputation were just and proper reasons to let her testify again. I couldn't help thinking that someone must have sat Lambros down the previous night and straightened him out.

Naturally, the defense objected to her readmission as a witness. It seemed to be a case of, to quote Paul Cambria, "If you

(continued on page 101)

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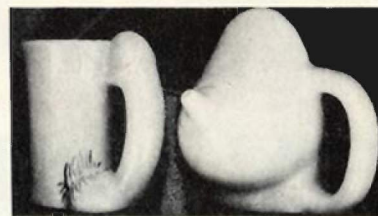


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About two months ago I was teaching Korean karate at a large gym in New York City. I never hold a regular job for very long; I'm too much of a free spirit, I guess. But with my third-degree black belt I find I can bum around the country and pick up teaching jobs fairly easily.

One night, after a very strenuous workout with my beginners' class, one of the women in the group came up to me and asked about the possibility of some private lessons. I said OK and asked her when she'd like to get together. She looked at me innocently and said, "Well, how about tonight?"

To tell you the truth, I'd been eyeing this chick ever since she started the class. Even in a *tobo* (the baggy karate outfit we all wear) you could tell she had more than muscles, and had it in all the right places.

The gym was located on the second floor of an old building, and beneath it was a little bar. Since there were still a few diehards in the gym, busily pounding their knuckles into sandbags, I suggested we go downstairs and relax for a while. She happily agreed, and we went into our separate shower rooms to get washed up and changed. Thinking about her, I had a hard job in the shower keeping my rising erection under control.

The young woman was waiting for me when I came out, and we went down to the bar. We ordered a couple of sodas—I preach to my classes on the evil effects of alcohol on the body—and talked of this and that, both sort of feeling each other out.

When I asked her what kind of individual study she wanted to concentrate on, she said her main concern was dealing with potential muggers. But she looked at me very boldly as she spoke, and I knew that muggers were the last thing on her mind.

Within 30 minutes we were back upstairs and suited up for the "lesson." As she walked back on to the exercise floor, I noticed she wasn't wearing the bra she had worn earlier. Her breasts,

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



KARATE KAPERS

by W. C. Carson

ripe and full, moved rhythmically under her *tobo*.

"Well," I said, still playing the role of a straight teacher, "where shall we start?" She looked at me invitingly with her huge brown eyes and said, "How do I defend myself if a man grabs me from the front?"

I'm not *that* stupid! I walked up to her, threw my arms around her shoulders and pulled her toward me. Her erect nipples jammed into my chest. She began to laugh and asked me what she should do now. I told her not to do a thing. Then I brought my mouth down hard on hers, and as she pushed her tongue into my mouth, I tripped her

into a slow fall backward onto the mat, supporting our weight with one arm. I pulled her *tobo* open, and those gorgeous breasts tumbled loose. A few droplets of sweat glistened between them, and I was eager to lick them up. But she whispered that she wanted to undress first. She began tugging at my drawstring, and within seconds we were naked.

I took her by the hand and led her into a corner where thick mats were piled, ready for use by judo students, who use throwing techniques more than we do in karate. We lay down together, and I was moving my hands greedily toward her breasts when she suddenly stopped me. "Your hands," she said. "They're so calloused and hard I'm afraid you'll hurt my breasts. They're very sensitive."

I laughed, explaining that they were only calloused on the back and sides, but that the insides were almost as soft as hers. I gently held each of her full tits, caressing the hard, dark nipples with my palms. Sighing in pleasure, she slid one hand into her cunt to show me how moist it was. She had trimmed her light-brown pubic hair until it was like the sparse growth of a teenager, and I could see her cunt juice seeping out over her fingers and onto her mound.

Suddenly my student was all over me. Moaning like a bitch in heat, she grabbed my dick with one firm hand while teasing my balls with the long fingernails of her other hand. I was as hard as a cop's nightstick, and she began to pump my dick with all her might. Then she pulled me, dick-first, to the middle of the mat and pushed me down until I was flat on my back. Then—sitting across my chest so I could see her tight little ass rise and fall—she slowly pumped my dick.

I had never had such an incredible handjob. Her delicate fingers stroked relentlessly. But each time I was ready to unload, she'd abruptly stop, making me quiver from head to toe. She

repeatedly kept me in suspense, pumping wildly again when she felt there was no risk of an immediate ejaculation.

When she finally allowed me to come, I let out a yell like a banshee, shooting huge gobs of jism three feet into the air. Some of my cum landed on her tits, and she hungrily rubbed it into them. She was visibly impressed with my performance and kept massaging my dong, squeezing out the last drop. She told me she would have liked it inside her, but she wanted to fuck for a long time. She figured that if I fucked her first, I'd blow my nuts too fast and have little energy left for later. Feeling too good to argue, I just lay back and relaxed.

A few minutes later she knelt across my face, giving me a clear ground-floor look up her cunt. It was beautiful—the lips thicker and pinker than they'd looked before and gently fringed with that sparse growth of trimmed hair. I just gobbled that pussy up as she slowly lowered it onto my mouth. Again and again I thrust my tongue into her depths until cunt juice was running all over my face.

After swallowing what seemed like gallons of sweet pussy juice I felt my cock rise harder than ever. This time I was going to take the initiative. I flipped the girl neatly onto her back, thinking to myself that if martial arts are good for

nothing else, they sure teach you how to flip chicks into any damn position you like without hurting them!

I was beginning to realize that this broad really loved the rough stuff. Without further ado I opened her legs and rammed my eight inches of raw meat right into her. My balls slapped her ass as I began to grind into her as furiously as she had pumped my cock earlier. She dug her sharp nails into my ass and moaned like an animal.

Her pussy was the best ever. She could almost make that thing talk. Despite my pounding, her cunt muscles kept squeezing my dick harder and harder. She'd been right about jacking me off first. If she hadn't done so, I would never have been able to keep up that pounding.

I slammed into her for nearly 20 minutes—1,200 seconds of furious rhythm! By that time I was gritting my teeth to keep from shooting. Suddenly she opened her eyes wide and screamed that she was coming. All her muscles bunched and tightened as she climaxed, and I thought for a split second that my cock was going to be expelled from her pussy like a retrorocket. But that clever cunt of hers snatched it back just in time, and as the flush of orgasm reddened across her chest and tits, I shot my wad. I rolled over in complete but

ecstatic exhaustion, and she lay on her back beside me, one hand resting lightly on my leg.

We hadn't rested for more than five minutes when she was up again. I opened an eye sleepily to see her run to the locker room. I figured she had to take a hasty leak. I was surprised to see her return immediately with a two-foot length of thin rubber tubing in her hand. I could hardly open my lips, but I asked her what it was for. She told me I'd find out right away.

The next thing I knew she was tying the rubber tubing around my balls, so tightly I almost yelped in pain. She looked at me somewhat sadistically and took my still-limp prick into her mouth and began to suck.

Most girls don't know how to give good head, right? They just sort of suck the tip because they think it's the most sensitive part. Actually, the farther the lips travel down the sides of the dick the better it feels. As I grew bigger, her lips were still touching my pubic hair. The rubber tubing was still tight around my balls, but I'd almost forgotten it. This headjob was shaping up to be the best ever.

That beautiful light-brown hair lying on my thighs and that foxy face bobbing like a steam engine—I figured I was going to come for the third time, and come quickly. But though I felt I was on the verge of coming, I couldn't shoot. That rubber tubing was keeping my balls from pumping out my cream!

She kept on sucking. I had come, but I hadn't shot, so I was still erect. Soon I felt as if I were coming again. I was really going crazy. She was sucking me over and over into a regular chain of climaxes, but I wasn't shooting. I'd never felt anything like it before. It was incredible. Tears were forming in my eyes, and I begged her to let me shoot.

When she figured my agony was getting out of control, she reached down and loosened the rubber from around my balls. Then she gently massaged my nuts until the feeling came back into them. Now she was ready to finish me. Down came her mouth again, swallowing me almost to the balls. I grabbed her hair tight, holding her head steady. I yelled at her to keep her mouth open, and as she widened her lips obediently, I shot deep down her throat.

We slept in the gym until morning, and by the time I woke up she was gone. She never came back to class, and I left the school a couple of months later. No real reason. It's just that I have to move around to stay sane. I never did remember her name. But one thing's for sure: I'll never forget her.



HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 97)

don't get it right the first time, I'll let you come back till you do." Continuing with great indignation, Cambria said: "You're worried about Dr. Cooley's reputation. What about this man's [Larry Flynt's] right to a fair trial?"

Despite the protest, she was allowed to return to the witness stand. She said, "I thought—I know citizenry of this area have no prurient interest in sex. I thought that was the question. I do not think the average person in Fulton County is consumed by sex, but porno magazines create a sense of lust and a sense of shame and prurient interest."

At Weaver's prodding she added that in her opinion HUSTLER and CHIC appealed to a "sense of lust, shameful, unwholesome lust."

Cross-examination by Fahringer prompted Cooley to admit that she believed *any* photo depicting a nude or *even partially* nude woman (such as a woman in a bikini) would appeal to a prurient interest in sex. She testified, "Seeing a photo in a newspaper of a beautiful woman in a beauty pageant could stimulate morbid or shameful interest in sex."

What does it all mean? Without going into all the fine points of their summation, the state's strongest argument involved the meaning of the word *appeal* with respect to the phrase "appeals to prurient interest." All along the defense had maintained that for something to "appeal to prurient interest" it must motivate the reader to commit such acts as they see depicted. Tasteless, shocking photos, they said, turn a person off, not on. But the prosecution said, "No, appeal is the issue, not the willingness to participate. . . . The defense confuses prurient interest with the willingness to participate." In other words, if something turns you off, it can still be obscene.

Why is this significant? Well, for years it had been argued that porn is harmful because it motivates people to commit the acts they see (this despite the findings of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography). Now, it seemed, even the prosecution was near conceding that a person viewing an act of bestiality will not run out and fuck a sheep or a cow or even a really cute dalmatian. Yet they still believed that the act of viewing is itself harmful. How?

Clearly it reflected back to what Weaver had espoused that day in the

hallway. But you didn't have to look that far back. As prosecutor Hairston put it during his final summation, "We've been strong [as a country], but we're becoming weak because of a philosophy that everything goes."

What this did was place the debate in the arena the prosecution was really shooting for. They were outraged and no doubt threatened by the attitude represented within the pages of this magazine—the iconoclasm, the challenge to the "status quo," to quote Crawford. They sincerely thought HUSTLER's proselytization would destroy our society.

Well, hopefully, HUSTLER will at least *change* society. That's the real greatness of the American system—our ability to change with and adapt to the times. McAuliffe and the rest of his crew continue to hold onto past values, as is their right. But the dynamics of an active, healthy society lie in the uninterrupted flow of information. In the normal course of things some of those ideas will be accepted, others rejected.

Despite what certain prosecutors think, this is a political issue. The attitude struck by HUSTLER goes far beyond "dirty pictures."

Isn't the real issue sexual liberation? HUSTLER encourages the physical view of sex, which certainly is frightening to the sexually repressed. It frightens the male who may feel insecure with a liberated woman, especially if he suspects he's not cutting the mustard in bed. And it is a certainty that men who are afraid of sex are less likely to perform satisfactorily. People are afraid of what they don't understand, and it stands to reason that if you don't understand sex, you can't do it well.

More than that, though, HUSTLER is an exclamation of "fuck you" to an establishment that tells us sex is dirty. It is a demand for an end to the hypocrisy that has the boys using words in the locker room they reject in print. It is a howl of indignation over the insanity that holds that normal body functions are somehow obscene.

Isn't that the real meaning of the cartoon, so offensive to the prosecution, of a nun defecating a cross? Isn't it a statement of, literally, "shit on organized religion"? We all defecate, by God, and no one is going to make us feel ashamed about it.

Tasteless? Not to people who see the evil committed in the name of organized religion. To them the real repugnance is a society whose people deny the existence of their own genitalia. Such a society—unhealthy and stunted—can-

not be expected to make sane, logical decisions. In fact, it cannot be expected to survive in the highly exacting world of today.

Once we understand the way we've been lied to about sex, we'll also become aware of other deceptions. HUSTLER attacks a House and Senate that have become so cozy with lobbyists and other special-interest groups that they've forsaken the job of protecting American citizens, while taxing us to the limit and beyond in order to protect their own status quo. In this sense Crawford was right. Once you get information that challenges preconceived notions, you can't return to the status quo. You continue to question, rather than go on accepting things on blind faith.

Now, the ideas expressed by HUSTLER may have been abhorrent to the prosecutors and, in the final analysis, many of the ideas may even have been wrong. Perhaps Weaver also was right. Maybe society is becoming too interested in sex. But that didn't give the Solicitor General the right to subvert our rights anymore than we have the right to subvert his. We simply disagreed with him, believing that the solution is not to go back where we were, ignorant and fearful about sex. The an-

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McAuliffe (through Lambros) wanted to keep all future issues of HUSTLER and CHIC outside Fulton County, only the 11 indicted issues were found guilty of obscenity. Subsequent issues of the two magazines are considered protected by the First Amendment until a jury decides otherwise. So Flynt at once announced to the press that he intends to ignore the judge's request.

All of us are losers in this contest between Hinson McAuliffe and Larry Flynt, but none so much as the people of Atlanta, who saw their judicial system ravaged by a trial that was virtually hidden from the jurors. Control of the admission of evidence gave the prosecutors their victory at the expense of justice. Atlantans cannot take pride in that.

For the time being at least, the people of Atlanta will live in a world of shrinking horizons. By finding HUSTLER and CHIC guilty, the jurors paved the way for the prosecution of *Penthouse* and *Playboy*, which the Solicitor General has announced is just what he intends to do. The irony is that during the trial the prosecution used a quote from *Playboy* accusing HUSTLER of "wrapping its garbage in the First Amendment" in order to bolster the state's case. In effect, *Playboy* screwed themselves as well as HUSTLER.

Flynt, back in California, is beyond the reach of the prosecutors even in the unlikely event the higher courts uphold the conviction. Whatever delusions McAuliffe has, his jurisdiction ends at the Fulton County line. But the people of Atlanta will feel the Solicitor General's sting for years to come.

Even as the guilty verdict was announced in the courtroom, the County Solicitor's office was preparing charges against a small local distributor who had handled HUSTLER during the summer of '77, when McAuliffe was restrained by a court order prohibiting him from making any warrantless arrests of magazine vendors. This guy has to live in the community and live with the power of the prosecutor's office. When the verdict was read, his wife—sitting in the courtroom and well-aware of the verdict's significance to her husband—broke into tears.

They are nice people, those prosecutors. Chances are you'd like 'em. But they are dangerous. They will destroy you for your own good. ☹

TEENAGE PREGNANCY

(continued from page 52)

glect to make that decision, they may have to make more difficult decisions jointly at a later date."

While withdrawal remains the most prevalent form of contraception in the world, the condom is largely ignored except in corny jokes about kids who blow them up for balloons, or Iowa farmers who buy them by the gross to preserve corn on the cob. Most experts agree that condoms used in conjunction with vaginal foam (both nonprescription items) are effective in preventing pregnancy. Planned Parenthood clinics usually sell both at reduced prices.


Rubbers are easy to buy and simple to transport. Young men often get vicarious sex thrills and add a bit of swank to their wallets by displaying condoms to friends and impressionable co-eds, but many young men who have mastered the condom-in-the-wallet routine must learn that the gadgets are not particularly effective when left in their wallet or pocket during intercourse.

Condoms are stock items in most drugstores and are also widely advertised mail-order items. Youngs Drug Products, one of the nation's biggest condom manufacturers, estimates that 20 to 30 percent of condom buyers in drugstores today are women; perhaps as a consequence, condom manufacturers have begun to advertise in women's magazines. A recent ad in *Ms.* offered "Your choice of 38 brands, or order 22 in a sample package for only \$5."

Marin County Planned Parenthood's Bobbie Semler complains that condoms are sold only in drugstores and are often hidden under the back counter. "Condoms should be sold in sporting-goods stores and grocery stores—anywhere men buy consumer goods. I would like to see them prominently displayed at the checkout counter with other impulse-purchase items. Condoms should be sold at 7-Eleven outlets, which stay open all night, so kids could buy them without so much advance planning. And what about condom-vending machines in gas stations and in the rest rooms at quick-food chains where the kids hang out?"

We found a particular drugstore in New York City that felt an obligation to make nonprescription contraceptives readily available. The druggist pointed with pride to a "Family Planning Center" behind the cashier, where condoms, vaginal foam and do-it-yourself pregnancy tests were displayed.

In the front window of Fred Mayer's Rexall Pharmacy, on the main street of Sausalito, California, we found two large posters showing very pregnant men—one black, one white—asking, "Would you be more careful if it was you that got pregnant?" Condoms were displayed at several locations in the store and, as if to



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give customers a last chance, more were racked at the cash register, where shy gals and guys could pick them up while paying for other purchases.

Who is to blame for the tragedy of teenage pregnancies? Even at the end of the 1970s one of the hottest continuing debates in education remains: Who should tell the kids? Some parents think sex education in school will give youngsters a license for immorality, weaken their spiritual values and break down parental authority. But if parents can understand that it is crucial for kids to learn the alphabet, why refuse to face the fact that a kid's future also depends on his knowing how to keep from knocking up his girl in the second year of high school?

Parents may actually believe knowledge is more dangerous than pregnancy, but a lot of kids disagree. One study of 350 kids found 344 "favoring full-credit courses in male/female relations and sexual responsibilities," 255 reporting their school provided too little information about venereal diseases and 342 saying birth-control information should be provided in high school.

Churches that provide guidance on social issues such as war, peace, hunger and jobs have taken a backseat when it

comes to sex education. At least two sects—Catholics and Mormons—advocate premarital chastity, a notion most teenagers consider as quaint as the waltz or the horse and buggy. (Opposition to all forms of "artificial contraception" suggests an old joke about what to call people who use the rhythm method. The answer, of course, is "parents.") At the first national teenage health conference, sponsored by Emory University in Atlanta, some church members handed out pamphlets condemning premarital sex as sinful and warning the youngsters that "venereal disease is God's curse on those who violate his sex laws!"

Do you think schools should teach sex education? Do you think most already assume that responsibility? A recent pamphlet warns, "By 15, all kids have had sex education in school... in hallways, locker rooms and washrooms." Today a lot of kids learn about sex solely through the grapevine, and tragically most of what they learn is misinformation, myth or rumor. Myths about prevention of pregnancy range from "If you stand up right after intercourse, you won't get pregnant" to "Coke douches prevent pregnancy." No wonder 2 million teenagers are screwing themselves straight into disaster.

One trauma, obviously, is abortion. Of the unwed pregnant girls who attended private clinics last year fully 79 percent underwent abortions. This can be a frightening experience for anyone, let alone a teenage girl. Regrettably, statistics show that the chances are higher that a woman who'd had an abortion might later give birth prematurely. (There is a greater risk of deformity for children born prematurely.)

Yet in the face of the deplorable lack of sex information not much is being done by the schools. In fact, only 29 states and the District of Columbia require health-education courses in public high schools, while only six states and the District mandate family-life or sex education. Many states allow local options, and hundreds of school districts ignore, restrict or prohibit sex education. For example, Michigan and Louisiana specifically prohibit teaching about contraception.

In December 1978 the Philadelphia School District's administrators proposed to the Board of Education that junior and senior high-school students be offered a course in birth control, but said they would restrict enrollment to students who could obtain written parental permission. Why not allow the kids to decide what they should learn?

According to one expert, an ideal sex-education program should start in the first grade with health information and go on to teach something about reproduction. Every year the kids should be given more information, and by age ten or 11 they should learn who should use contraceptives and why. "Sex education must be more than birth control. It must help kids with all of their sexual problems," says this authority.

Margo St. James of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), the national advocacy group for prostitutes' rights, insists ex-prostitutes should be hired to teach sex education in schools. "Who knows more about how to prevent pregnancy and avoid venereal disease than an ex-hooker?" she asks. Ms. St. James is into male responsibility from a slightly different angle. In a lecture/discussion for males in the Bay Area she told the guys, "We're trying to enhance men's perception of women so they can relate better. Fifty percent of the women in this country are not having orgasms. If that were true of the male population, it would be declared a national emergency."

One study has found that the media, especially TV and radio, teach kids more about birth control than they learn from all other sources, including

(continued on page 109)

Imagine... a BLOW JOB any time you desire!

Just close your eyes and make believe it's the girl you'd most like to have wrap her slithering tongue around the part of you that appreciates it most... sucking in her cheeks, pressing with her lips, teasing with her teeth, humming with her throat.

Now You Can Have It Any Time You Wish!

And at a price less than half what you'd expect! It's no secret. The FELLATRIX-G is a knock-off! The original was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges \$24.95. By using computer technology we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling any time you feel like it, you need not pay \$24.95, because we charge only

\$9.95

The FELLATRIX-G is so lifelike can give you the feeling a real expert blowjob. It has a built-in electronic hummer to give you tiny tingles that send you up the wall. Any you control how fast it sucks and hums... go for a quickie, or make it last all night. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till she gets in the mood, you need the FELLATRIX-G right now!

Send to: Reseda Supply, Box 3000, Dept. 272, CA 91335

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send _____ FELLATRIX-Gs @ \$9.95 ea. \$ _____

Also send _____ tubes of Lubri-gel @ \$2 ea. \$ _____

In California add 6% sales tax \$ _____

Add \$1.00 for postage & packaging \$ 1.00

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order



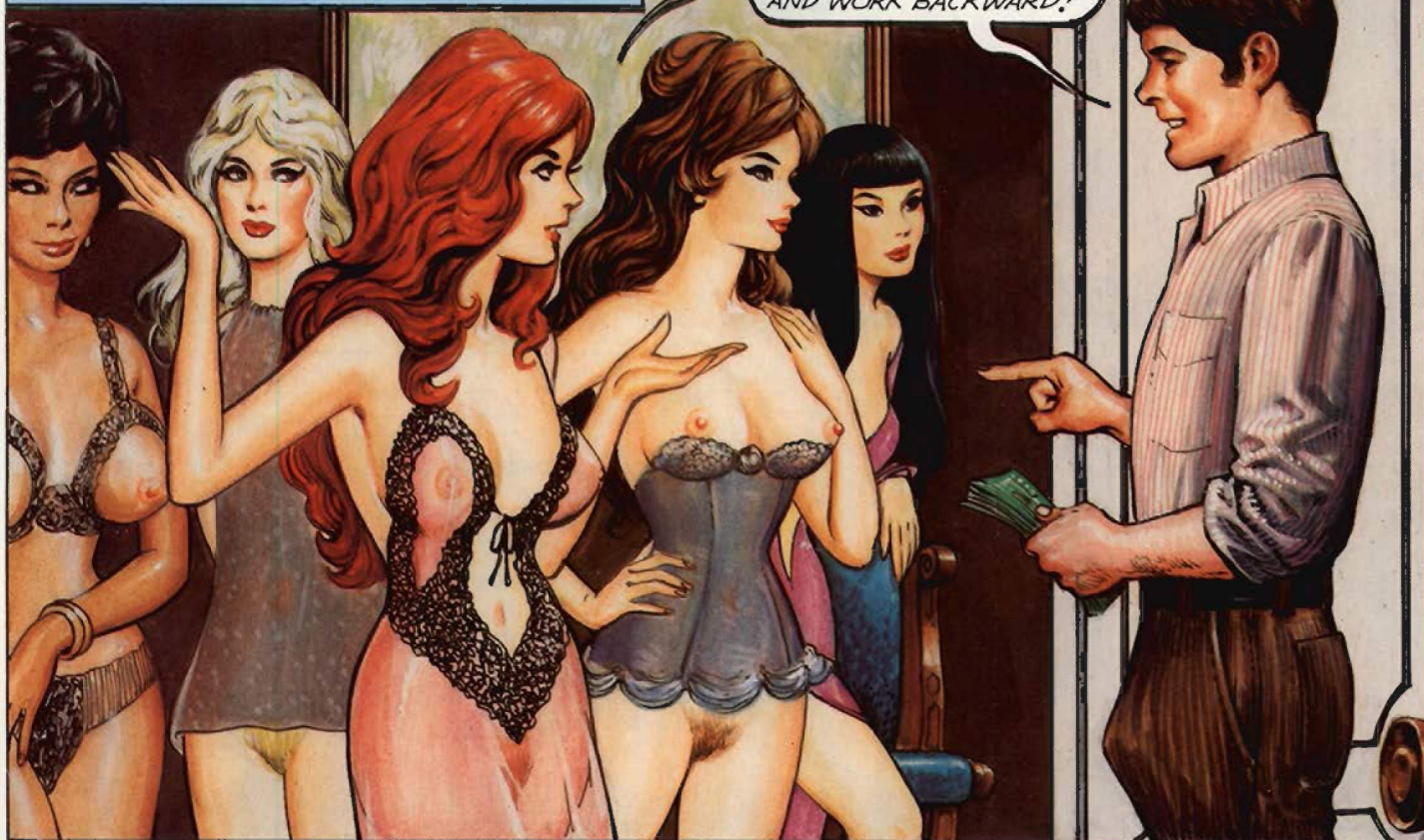
Deluxe FELLATRIX-G...\$9.95
(Easy to Keep Clean/Lasts for Years)
Tube of Lubri-Gel
(Like Warm Saliva)...\$2 ex.

Honey

AT HONEY'S WHOREHOUSE NO SATISFIED CUSTOMER COMES MORE REGULARLY THAN NICK HARDIN! EVERY FRIDAY NICK'S NINE INCHES WORK OVERTIME...

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE, NICK? THE USUAL THREE-COURSE SPREAD?

NO! TONIGHT I'LL START WITH THE FRENCH PASTRY AND WORK BACKWARD!



WORKING FORWARD OR BACKWARD, NICK'S GOT THE KNACK!

OH, MASTER! I AM YOUR LEETLE FRENCH POODLE! BOW-WOWWWW!

NOTHING LIKE A WAGGING PIECE OF TAIL TO GET A MAN'S MIND OFF SUPPER!



IF TWO'S COMPANY, THEN THREE'S AN ORGY!

I GET HIM NOW!

OH, NO YOU DON'T, I'M FIRST!

SLOW DOWN, GIRLS! I HAVEN'T EMPTIED MY SIX-SHOOTER YET!





BY THE TIME NICK'S PRICK REACHES DOUBLE FIGURES, EVEN THE TIRELESS TWINS ARE BEGGING FOR MERCY.

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS, MICHELLE. IT'S YOUR TURN!

NO, MERCI! I AM - HOW YOU SAY- DOG TIRED!

AW, YOU'RE NO FUN!



AFTER NICK FINALLY PETERS OUT...

LET'S JUST GIVE YOU A SPECIAL GROUP RATE... AN EVEN HUNDRED, OK?

HERE'S SOMETHING EXTRA FOR THE GIRLS! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM, I'D FORGET WHAT PUSSY IS!



HONEY RECOGNIZES YET ANOTHER UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

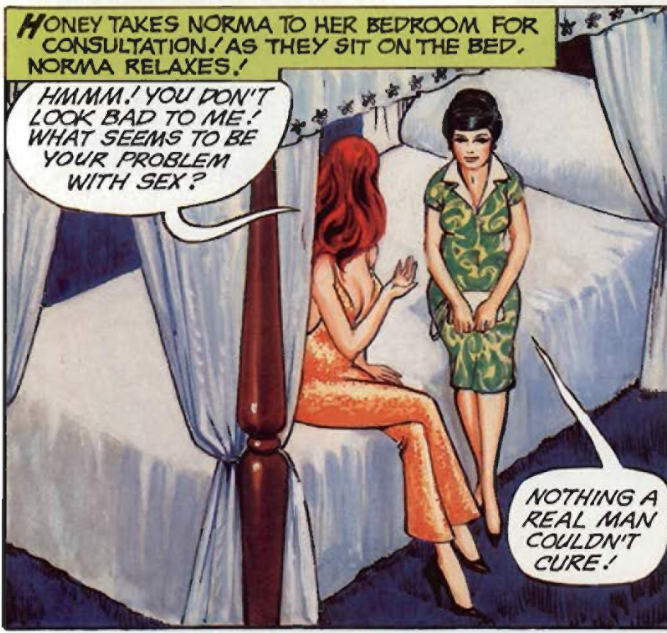
PLEASE DON'T MISUNDERSTAND... I LOVE MY WIFE VERY MUCH! SHE'S A GREAT MOTHER, A WHIZ IN THE KITCHEN, BUT A FIZZ IN THE BEDROOM!

AN ENDANGERED SPECIES! BRING HER OVER, NICK! I BET I CAN TEACH HER A NEW RECIPE!



THE FOLLOWING MONDAY... OH, HONEY, MEET THE LITTLE WOMAN... NORMA!

NICE TO MEET YOU! NICK, GO FIND SOMETHING TO DO. NORMA, YOU COME WITH ME!



HONEY TAKES NORMA TO HER BEDROOM FOR CONSULTATION. AS THEY SIT ON THE BED, NORMA RELAXES!

HMMM! YOU DON'T LOOK BAD TO ME! WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR PROBLEM WITH SEX?

NOTHING A REAL MAN COULDN'T CURE!



LOOK! TITS MADE FOR SUCKING AND A PUSSY MADE FOR FUCKING!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE PROBLEM!



NICK SEES ME ONLY AS THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN AND MAID FOR HIS HOME.'

DOES HE KNOW HOW YOU FEEL?



GOODNESS NO! HE'D THINK I WAS A WHORE!

FANTASTIC! THEN ACT LIKE ONE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

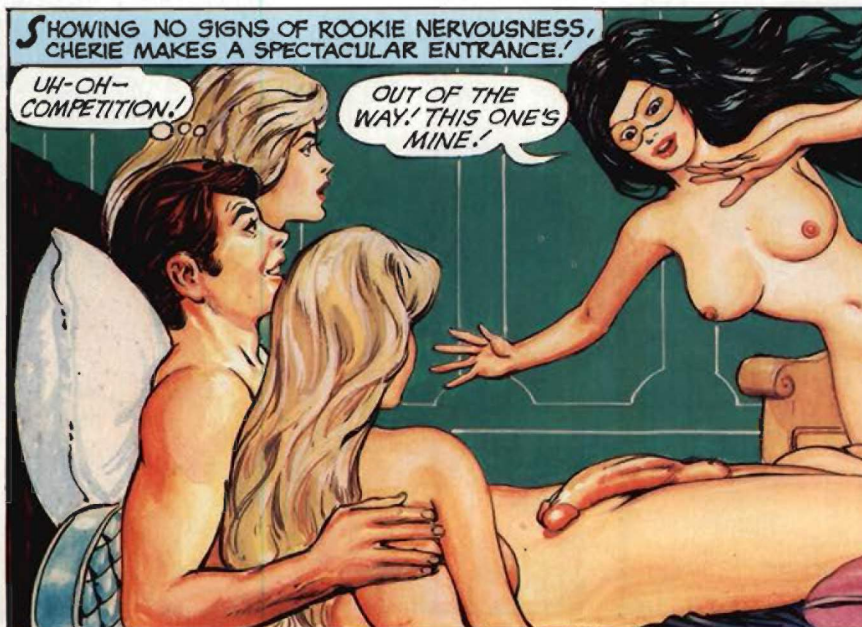
WHERE'S NORMA?

SHE LEFT! WE WEREN'T GETTING ANYWHERE! I'M REALLY SORRY...



SO I THINK YOU DESERVE FIRST SHOT AT MY NEWEST GIRL! NICK, MEET CHERIE!

HELLO THERE, BEAUTIFUL!



SHOWING NO SIGNS OF ROOKIE NERVOUSNESS, CHERIE MAKES A SPECTACULAR ENTRANCE!

UH-OH-- COMPETITION!

OUT OF THE WAY! THIS ONE'S MINE!



A PERFECT
THREE-POINT
LANDING!



WHILE THE NEWCOMER LICKS HIS BIG PINK 'SUCKER', NICK
NIBBLES SOME CHERIE PIE!

HMM... LIPS
LIKE A VACUUM
CLEANER!

NICK'S MET HIS MATCH—AND KNOWS IT!



HONEY, THIS IS THE BEST I'VE EVER
HAD! IF ONLY NORMA...



NORMA? IS
THAT REALLY
YOU?

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, EVEN IF HONEY
IS LOSING ONE OF HER BEST CUSTOMERS!

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, HONEY!

TAKE GOOD CARE
OF EACH OTHER!



NEXT MONTH:
HONEY AND THE
GIRLS BEND OVER
BACKWARDS FOR
PATRIOTISM.

TEENAGE PREGNANCY

(continued from page 104)

parents, peers or schools. Yet another study found TV contained, on the average, only eight minutes of family-planning-related programming in an entire month, while radio broadcast an average of 14 minutes monthly. Ironically, the Code Authority of the National Association of Broadcasters bans contraceptive advertising on both TV and radio.

People who oppose sex education in schools would probably hit the ceiling or the picket line if TV programs aimed at teenagers were to include facts about birth control. Nevertheless, groups and committed individuals, exerting gentle persuasion on the media, are meeting with some success.

The Population Institute has set up a TV unit that takes credit for, among other things, Maude's abortion and Archie Bunker's son-in-law Michael's vasectomy, and chances are they also induced *Good Times* to air a segment in which a teenage girl was told about sex. Still, some folks would prefer to leave sex education to voluntary agencies such as Planned Parenthood, Zero Population Growth and the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S. (SIECUS). These agencies reach thousands with education and/or service programs, but are dependent on contributions and often seriously hamstrung by restrictive legislation. But the question arises: Can voluntary agencies really do the job?

President Jimmy Carter and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) are convinced they cannot. Two years ago HEW recommended that Congress designate sexually active teenagers a high-priority target population for family-planning services. In January 1978 President Carter asked Congress to pass the Adolescent Health Services and Pregnancy Prevention Care Act of 1978 and to vote \$190 million to fund the program over three years. Congress delayed passage of the bill until October 1978 and then passed the Health Services and Centers Amendment, which seems focused more on services for pregnant women than on education and pregnancy prevention. After lowering the amount for three years' operation from \$190 million to \$50 million for one year, Congress neglected to appropriate any money at all before its October adjournment.

Nevertheless, some members of Congress are outspoken about the growing need to educate the young. For example, Congresswoman Pat Schroeder (Democrat-Colorado) calls teenage

pregnancy a national health crisis. "Last year there were fewer than 25,000 cases of measles among school-age children. If you watch TV news programs, you probably saw reports about fear of a measles epidemic. Spot announcements ran on TV and radio. Many schools sent leaflets home with the children. Why aren't those same public officials taking similar action to prevent the million teenage pregnancies each year?" she asks. "Teenage pregnancy knows no economic, social or ethnic boundaries. It happens in the affluent suburbs; it happens in the poverty-stricken inner city."


Congresswoman Schroeder might have added that ignorance also pushes up the incidence of venereal disease among teenagers. Kids between 15 and 19 are three times more likely to contract gonorrhea than people over 20, while the rate of syphilis is 61 percent greater for teenagers. SIECUS reports the gonorrhea rate for adolescents is second in that age group only to the common cold.

Teenage pregnancy is not only an individual problem; it concerns every American taxpayer. The California Department of Public Health declares, "If only 20 percent of eligible minors used contraceptive services and only 10 percent of teenage pregnancies were pre-

vented, the net savings to the state would be \$2.3 million in the first year." SIECUS points out that nationwide, teenage mothers cost taxpayers an estimated \$6 billion annually.

Every study shows that education and clinic services can—and do—reduce teenage pregnancies. Between 1971 and 1975 the number of teenagers on family-planning clinic rosters more than doubled. However, about half of the 4 million sexually active females aged 15 to 19 are receiving no help, and fewer than 10 percent of those under 15 are receiving assistance. Teens who become parents suddenly have 90 percent of their life's script written for them. Their choices are few, and most are bad.

No responsible adult would permit a teenager to jump off a cliff without learning the rules of safe hang-gliding. But every year we permit 11 million teenagers to jump off the sexual cliff blindfolded by ignorance. Millions will crash on the rocks of ruined marriages, truncated education and more babies than they want or can support.

How much longer can Americans afford to tolerate teenagers' ignorance about sex? How long will it be before we insist that Congress spend our tax dollars to prevent the tragedy of unwanted teenage pregnancies? 

Nasty! Filthy! Trashy!

SEX COMICS!

The Very Latest XXX-Rated Comics!

5 Big, Brand-New Volumes

Fresh From The Artist!!



See your current TV cartoon, and comic favorites in these uncensored sex tales! Tarzin, Frankenstein, Superman, Rode Runner, Ball in the Family... and many more !!!

ANY 1 ONLY \$2⁹⁷

CHECK YOUR CHOICES BELOW:

☐ A. Jolly Time Fun Book
☐ B. Filthy Sunday Funnies
☐ C. Animal Capers

☐ D. Trash Comics
☐ E. Sexotic Comics

MUST BE 21! Add \$1.00 Postage and Handling

Sign Your Name: _____ Age: _____

Print Your Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

ALL NEW DELUXE 6"x9" EDITION

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Adult films "hard" to get?

Why get the bird when there's Krow?



8mm and super 8mm color films from \$8.00. We've come a long way since the phony nose and glasses. "Diamond Collection", "Pretty Girls," "Swedish Erotica" (John Holmes), "Collection" and many others. All films guaranteed to be top quality.

Video Cassettes also available

Write for Details.

H-11

Krow ENTERPRISES

P.O. Box 11114
Chicago, Illinois 60611

I am 21 years of age or older.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

WOMEN AND PORN

(continued from page 82)

inhibitions they pass on to their children. The irony is that the repressor becomes the repressed. To stop someone else from feeling good means cutting off oneself from good feelings, and that is the major problem with sexually dysfunctional adults.

Love has been considered one path toward sexual freedom—a potion that allowed a woman to "give herself" to the man she would marry. But, in fact, love itself never really freed anyone. Wives went to the honeymoon bed with the same inhibitions that haunted them when they were single. It is unrealistic to expect a woman to be free of the moral restrictions that bound her all of her life simply because some preacher gives her permission to have sex. Women have been afraid of their sexuality and thus afraid of anything that might liberate them in that area. In a commentary on pornography and women, Paula Johnson and Jacqueline Goodchildes, two psychologists with the University of California, declared: "Perhaps women are less favorable towards pornography not because it doesn't turn them on, but because it often does."

But knowing what a woman fears enables a man to help her overcome that fear. As Johnson and Goodchildes stated: "The frequent theme of a woman not desiring sex yet arousable by any man perpetuates the double standard by assuming that sex is basically inappropriate for women—only if overpowered by the male can she enjoy sex without the guilt of the cultural norms being brought upon her. . . . The double standard makes the woman the guardian of the morals; she is considered to have less 'sex drive' and is therefore expected to control the man's sexuality since she doesn't have to control her own. . . . [But it is then expected that] once aroused, a woman's sexuality is very tenacious."

The point is that women *do* get aroused, especially in situations where they are free to lose that control they are supposed to have. Despite the fact that in Heiman's study the women's bodies responded to the female-initiated stories, in their heads they still fantasized about being "taken." For example, more than half the fantasies collected by Nancy Friday in *My Secret Garden* involve male domination, although not of the brutal type.

Domination can be exciting, particularly if it's part of a fantasy worked out in the bedroom and then left there.

The excitability of such fantasies cannot be overlooked. Many women still think that Rhett Butler carrying Scarlet O'Hara up the stairs in *Gone With the Wind* is the sexiest scene ever. Or that Marlon Brando's rape of Maria Schneider in *Last Tango in Paris* and James Mason's overpowering of Ann Todd in *The Seventh Veil* are incredible turn-ons. These are scenes that women *know* turn them on. Ultimately, however, everything from gothic novels to *In the Realm of the Senses* to 8mm porn loops must be considered as stepping-stones to a woman's discovery of her self. It's all part of the process of joining mind and body, and as studies indicate, pornography can be an important catalyst in that process.

Sex education is not just for children, nor should it be taught only in grade schools. Children need the education; adults—particularly women—need the expanded education. They need to be taught—with the support of their men—that sex, and the orgasm in particular, is not a magical "thing" that someone bestows upon them. It is something that they can give themselves with the proper training.

To quote Dr. McIlvenna: "Sexual competence should be taught. Proficiency and not constraint is the key to satisfactory sex. Knowledge, sensitivity and responsiveness are the fundamental attitudes to happy sexual experiences. Touching can be as important as a hard cock; awareness rather than magic is essential to positive sexuality."

Pornography and/or sexually explicit materials take the magic out of sex. They demystify it, providing the desensitization and excitement that all major sex therapists recognize as necessary for freeing women from their preconceived notions of how they are "supposed" to respond to sex. (At the University of Pennsylvania, as an example, sexually explicit films have been used as significant tools in working with people with sexual problems.) Call it what you may, but pornography has a very high success rate in helping people overcome their sexual hang-ups.

Some feminists complain that pornography is still a male genre—that it is created by men for their own pleasure. But that's not necessarily the case. Forty years ago Anais Nin wrote the stories in *Delta of Venus* for men; yet women are now reading the book for their own titillation. Betty Dodson liberated masturbation and made it respectable. Women are now writing and directing porn flicks, and winning awards as well. E. Lee Doyle of Dallas, Texas, is one of

(continued on page 116)

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MAIL-ORDER TRICKSTERS

In February one of *Mail-Order Feedback*'s spies ordered \$10 worth of magazines, films and sex aids from *Discount Distributors* (P.O. Box 27932, Los Angeles, California 90027) and a \$12.95 sex doll from *Dealer Sales by Madeline* (7471 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046). Two weeks later he received two confirmation cards from *Mailers Service Company* (6255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028). A week after that he got two "rush-order" forms from *Mailers Reply* (same address), inviting him to buy some more porn at bargain prices.

Nearly three weeks later the merchandise itself arrived in two packets. Here's an inventory of the junk received from *Discount Distributors*:

—Six porn magazines in the ad turned out to be cheap mimeographed booklets, 16 pages each (including covers). The titles of these dogs were not the same as the titles our sleuth saw advertised. The photos were tiny, crammed together, overexposed and as limp as rotten banana peels. Two of the booklets were crude comics, one of them a soft-core story with Swedish captions, the other a pathetically concocted piece of crap about a rapist who commits suicide.

—Six sex aids amounted to a mimeographed sheet of medical-text gobbledegook—"counting two-and-a-half minutes for a fully developed plateau phase in a woman with a high degree of vasocongestion"—and a rubber penis just large enough to put on the end of a pencil and use as an eraser.

—Six advertised movies were black-and-white clips strung together on a 100-foot spool of film. This stuff was at least ten years old, scratchy from too many reproductions and viewings and as soft as a Doris Day movie.

The crap from *Dealer Sales* by

Madeline was just as laughable. Its ad promised, "I'll give you hour after hour of SOLID PLEASURE. Life Size, Revolutionary, Not Inflated Sex Doll, Easily Collapsible [sic] for Convenient Storage. Comes Complete With Electronic Vibro-Vagina."

Well, what we received was a poster of a naked girl, plus a plastic inflatable doughnut pillow that you can blow up and stick your dick into—the "electronic vibro-vagina."

In short, the junk we got from *Discount Distributors* and *Dealer Sales* by Madeline was a big joke. Score another "fuck you" from the mail-order tricksters. It's easy for us to laugh, because we got the money to buy this trash from Larry Flynt. But to you, who have to pull the cash out of your own pockets, the joke might not be so funny.

COMPUTERIZED BLUES

It's been three months since I sent \$35 to *Contempo* (234 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001), and I haven't heard a peep from the firm. I thought I'd be saving myself money by buying home films instead of going out every week and spending \$5 a shot for X-rated flicks at theaters, but I guess I was wrong. Could you put the heat on this company and make it come clean?

—I. M.

Santa Ana, California

Four months ago I answered an ad from *Vi Aids Laboratories* (P.O. Box 746, Madison Square Station, New York, New York 10010) and sent them my check for \$13.25. I've never received my order, nor will the company answer correspondence or refund my money. I've been ripped off first-class.

—G. S. T.

Manchester, Connecticut

Contempo, *Vi Aids*, *FTM*, *Encounter Research* and several other New York companies all have a reputation for being slow in delivering merchandise. Lately they've been slower than usual because they're in the process of transferring their operations to computers. A spokesman for one of the companies told us: "We handle over 1,000 orders a week, and the load was getting too large for conventional record-keeping, so we went to the computer. But right now we're still ironing out the bugs. We've got 1,500 items on our master products list, and if a comma is missing in a products code going into the computer, the damn machine'll spit the whole order back at us." He added, "Believe me, we're not trying to rip off our customers. My

operation depends on repeat business, so I want to get those orders out to them as quickly as possible. I'm just as unhappy about these delays as my customers are, because they're bad for business."

SCANDINAVIAN SMUT

SSC Products (P.O. Box 09266, Cleveland, Ohio 44109) offers two 22-minute films from Scandinavia entitled "Courtroom Demonstration" (#123) and "Bakery Cream-Bag Erotica" (#124) as well as a 30-minute film, "The Monied Set" (#125). These movies are fairly old, shot anywhere from ten to 15 years ago, and the color is bad (blacks come out purple). Plus, some folks might find the pace too slow. Despite these drawbacks, we found these flicks interesting because of their odd shots, peculiar camera angles and offbeat humor.

In "Courtroom Demonstration" the prosecuting attorney begins to undress himself and feel up the plaintiff in a rape case as the jury looks on. The reactions on the jurors' faces display a wry humor not often found in fuck films. Before long the jury recesses and leaves the judge, prosecutor and court clerk with three horny women. Some of the shots during these goings-on are funny enough to raise a few good laughs, as well as hard-ons. Numbers 123 and 125 come in both Regular and Super 8, but "Bakery Cream-Bag Erotica" is available only in Super 8.

DIRTY MOVIES

Film Collectors Association (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306) has introduced its own film series, called *Dirty Movies*. Overall, it's a good line of loops, featuring masturbating girls, lesbian couples and plenty of fucking in twos and threes. We especially liked Kristi, an earthy farmgirl who nicely brings herself to orgasm in "The Itch" (DM 105) and fucks her boyfriend in "Sweet Pussy" (DM 106).

For you milk fans there are "Milkmaid" (DM 107), "Milkmaid's Friend" (DM 108) and "Milkmaid Threesome" (DM 109). The milkmaid is a big-bazoomed bleach-blond who squeezes milk from her tits with udder abandonment. In "Milkmaid's Friend" she's visited by a pretty brunette, who is served some of the fluid in a glass and then goes right to the source.

Dirty Movies are available in Regular or Super 8. Sometimes the color is a little dark, but generally these flicks are good for the price—\$15 apiece, 3 for \$39, 6 for \$69.

SURPRISE!!

(after the game)



24"x36" \$5.00

Full color lifelike poster behind the scene with 8 luscious all-American cheerleaders. It's like you're in the locker room with them.

I am over 21 years old.

Please send me _____ "after the game" poster(s)

24"x36" or \$5.00 each \$ _____

Add \$1.00 for postage and handling

Total enclosed \$ _____

Send check or money order to:

PRETTY HOT POSTERS

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STUDIO CITY, CALIFORNIA 91604

Name _____

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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Fast Delivery PLEASE PRINT

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LIVE sex talk with Tammy and her sexy friends as often as you like

40-page book of revealing photos

new LIVE numbers monthly

CALL NOW
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Dial Now - Order-taker waiting

"Sophisticated couples and singles over 21 who are interested in exciting parties, meetings and correspondence with other discreet fun-loving types. Send for free brochure. Call or write today. Select Box 11, Dept. H-7, Camden, N.J. 08101 (609)665-2600."



Superstars of Sex

1008 feet of NON-STOP, Pulse-Pumping Porno film

FEATURING the HOTTEST STARS ON FILM TODAY! ADULTS ONLY

- ☐ **LINDA LOVELACE** The amazing DEEP THROAT girl: See the most erotic mouth in history work its wonders! 138 ft.
- ☐ **MARILYN** Rare collector's classic. Hollywood's revered sex queen in a shocking sexual performance! 150 ft. (B&W only)
- ☐ **RICK CASSIDY** This virile superstud shows a foxy young girl what burning, churning L...king is all about! 170 ft. (Color only)

- ☐ **JOHN HOLMES** The undisputed, 14" KING OF COCKS, socks it to 2 gorgeous, sex-crazed beauties! 190 ft.
- ☐ **RENE BOND** Ravishing porno-princess in a hot, wet sex orgy with 2 horny chicks & a hung stud! 180 ft.
- ☐ **USCHI DIGARD** Big-busted star of Supervixens appears in May '77 Playboy - stars in this sizzling aeorotic film feast. 180 ft.

Specify: ☐ B&W ☐ Color ☐ Reg. 8mm ☐ Super 8mm

B&W-\$7.50ea. ★ COLOR-\$10ea. ★ Any 3 B&W-\$20 ★ Any 3 COLOR-\$25

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EROTIC FILMS

HOT & HORNY SEX ACTION

IN FULL COLOR

MAGAZINES & MARITAL AIDS



1 Candy Samples returns by popular demand and she's hotter than she's ever been!! She has tits enough for 12 men at once, but Dick has them all to himself! **\$5**



2 3 horny nymphos attack 1 stud, & show new ways to turn him on & get him off! Watch 3 hungry tongues and 6 tender, warm thighs in hot, juicy action! **\$5**



3 This beauty queen is the sexiest blonde that Rick Cassidy's ever seen. They get it on passionately... & try it all, from "missionary" to "69". **\$5**



4 A beautiful blonde "grouper" is spread on Dr.'s table for a checkup. Patient & nurse turn the tables - they "examine" Doc & give him their special "cure". He has to be taken away in a wheelchair! **\$5**

Vibrators



Quality vibrator. When used properly, can awaken even the most frigid woman.

#9 • \$3

Magazines

Sexplicit, color loaded magazines! 2 hot \$5.00 mags for only \$3.00 100's more in catalog.



#11 • \$3

CHECK ONE: ☐ Reg. 8 ☐ Super 8

#

Postage & Handling \$2.00

TOTAL AMOUNT:

CHARGE IT BY PHONE
With Charge Cards Only!
24 hrs. a day, 7 days a wk.
1-213-988-6545

ACCT. NO. _____
Exp. Date: _____
Mo. _____ Yr. _____
INTERBANK NO. _____
(The number over your Name)

I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and, authorize you and affiliated companies to mail me such advertisements, unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I prefer to receive these advertisements in plain envelopes, rather than having the words "Sexually Oriented Ad" or any similar information appear on the outside of the envelope. I am receiving or purchasing the sexually oriented material for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish or exhibit it to anyone. I believe that an adult citizen has the constitutional right to view or read ANY material he desires, including sexually explicit material. I also believe that such material does not offend the standards or laws of the community in which I live. I am not a postal inspector.

I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to so notify you in writing within 3 days, requesting you to remove my name from your lists.

Signature: _____ Age: _____

Print Your Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

FREE 40 PAGE QUALITY ADULT EROTICA CATALOG WITH ANY ORDER! \$3 VALUE

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 7651 Haskell Dept. CY Van Nuys, Ca., 91406

JOHN HOLMES IN ACTION

If you're wondering why JOHN HOLMES is the most sought after PORN-STAR, it's because of his 14 INCH PENIS! If you'd like a close up look at that long, fat column of flesh hanging between his legs or watch beautiful young girls go crazy trying to stuff the massive head of his thick-necked pole into their bodies, look no farther! BRAND NEW 56 page (8 1/2 x 11") MAGAZINE with nearly 100 photos. 17 in FULL COLOR, only \$10. Or if you prefer live action send \$14.95 for a 200' b/w film or FULL COLOR for \$24.95. (Specify reg. or super 8mm.) Combinations: Color film & magazine — \$30. B/W film & magazine — \$20. Watch BIG JOHN in action, it's AMAZING. BIG JOHN, Dept 4068, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

SEX FREE! SEX

- ★ FREE! Total SEX ACTION photo set! ★
- ★ BOLD, and SIZZLING! See it ★
- ★ all! ★
- ★ FREE! GIANT 50-page color ILLUSTRATED catalog! 100's of ★
- ★ films, magazines, books, ★
- ★ photos, slides, sex aids and ★
- ★ devices—AT DISCOUNT ★
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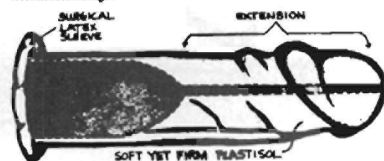
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WOMEN AND PORN

(continued from page 110)

many women therapists who are using erotic literature and graphic materials to help patients overcome sexual dysfunctions. Contrary to feminist complaints, evidence reveals that women are now creating and enjoying sexually stimulating materials and making it easier for other women to do the same.

Pornography has many negative connotations. Connotations aside, however, it can (and does) help many women and their men realize that sex is just another bodily function. It is not a big mystery. It is not something a woman does out of weakness, but rather something she does out of passion and strength. Rather than stigmatize a genre that advances the understanding of sex, we would be better off accepting pornography and learning to use it as a tool.

Certainly porn is available to everyone. Couples can read erotic stories to each other or rent porn flicks to watch in the privacy of their own homes. Experimentation is the key concept. It may take time for women to get used to the idea, but time isn't the issue—freedom is, freedom to fantasize and to connect one's body to one's mind.

The singularity of self is not a new concept. The ancients knew that sexual freedom was essential to any good relationship, with others as well as with the self. They also knew that sexual repression had nothing to do with being good or with being at one with a higher order. People who abstain are not better; they're more frustrated. The Hindus said that frustration is the quickest route to spiritual destruction. Yet the West has been acting as if by ignoring the flesh it would go away. It hasn't. Lots of women think that fucking means sexual liberation. It doesn't. Sexual freedom has nothing to do with fucking, although fucking has a lot to do with sexual freedom. If that weren't true, we'd all fuck and be happy.

Good sex involves total acceptance of ourselves. We must love ourselves internally as well as externally before we can feel free to love another person in the same manner. Pornography may not be able to help every woman reach total sexual self-acceptance, but because it does work for many it can work for even more. Professionals in the field are recognizing that pornography can no longer be dismissed as simply another male pastime. Sexually explicit materials are here to stay and to help. Who knows?—porn and women may be the new duet of the 1980s.

RED FERGUSON

(continued from page 88)

old pallets from the warehouse and a mattress discarded by the city jail—like it was an altar. And Red Ferguson, crimson-faced, would mount her, fat and desperate, coming after a few short thrusts. Then he would hide his head while she dressed. With the sound of the traffic outside, she would disappear, her boots squeaking in harmony with the long row of wooden steps to the street.

But this morning, as Hatcheck pushed huge plates of food across the counter, the only thing that mattered to Red Ferguson was his seething misery. She looked at Red, ranting and twisting to himself as though trapped in the middle of a nightmare. She looked up into the gentle gray eyes of Walter Gibraltar, who held the plates in his hand, looking first at Hatcheck and then at Red Ferguson.

Suddenly Red Ferguson sat bolt upright, staring at Walter with all the fury of a madman who has finally seen the true face of the enemy. Before Walter could set the plates down, something snapped in Red Ferguson, and he lunged a few short feet and cupped one of the plates in his enormous hand, smashing it across the side of Walter's face, covering him with scrambled eggs and opening a bad cut beneath his ear.

For a moment Walter staggered, blood leaping across his gray hair. The pounding of the jukebox was heard above the abrupt silence, chairs scraping the wooden floor as the workmen gave way to the giants.

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With savage speed Walter Gibraltar leaned across the bar and caught Red Ferguson flush on the mouth with an overhand right. As Red staggered backward, Walter leaped the bar and went to work like a madman.

For 20 minutes the fight raged. Walter pummeled Red from face to gut with both hands, each blow making a dull, vicious sound, like a baseball bat smashing watermelons. In the tiny enclosure Red charged the Italian like a wounded animal, smashing him against walls and tables, tearing his clothes and knocking his wind out.

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Finally, in bloody desperation, Red made a final, clumsy plunge toward Walter's midsection.

With his chest heaving, Walter took a step back, planted his feet and caught Red with a short, vicious right hand to the bridge of the nose. The punch could have stopped a horse.

After a long minute Hatcheck and Dark Shadows brought towels from the back, first handing one to Walter, struggling to catch his breath, and then leaning over to wipe the blood from the unconscious Red Ferguson.

For several days nobody heard or saw Red Ferguson, who stayed in his loft, licking his wounds. The story of "The Fight" traveled from dock to warehouse to tavern, in a dozen different foreign tongues, changing slightly with every telling. Red Ferguson, they said, had sworn to kill Walter Gibraltar. Red Ferguson had had enough, and now that everyone had learned of his firing and his beating, he would not be seen again. Walter, they said, had driven the final nail in Red Ferguson's coffin.

But it wasn't his wounded pride, or any burly Italian, but rather his thirst for Pabst Blue Ribbon beer and his offenses against an old Chinaman that wrote the final chapter in that jumbled saga of Red Ferguson.

Chi Ling was a wrinkled and energetic immigrant loved by everyone in the neighborhood. He was bent over his abacus, figuring the previous week's receipts, when his oldest grandson interrupted him. Chi Ling could tell by the way the boy ran up the long flight of wooden stairs to their tiny apartment that it was something important.

Out of breath and frantic, Donald told his grandfather in great detail, complete with pantomime and sound effects, of the brutal fight that had taken place in Dumbrowski's Tavern. Since he spoke no English, and there were no other Chinese families in the neighborhood, Chi Ling was dependent upon his sons and grandsons for every bit of news.

The old man listened patiently, ignoring his grandson's euphoric belief that the giant was now dead, or discredited, and would no longer stalk their sawdust aisles with a case of beer under his arm screaming, "Don't anybody try to stop me or I'll fuck you up."

For months now Red Ferguson had marauded their grocery store, stealing cases of beer. Chi Ling knew, from his own country, that the police were not the way to deal with such monsters, for once the judge had finished slapping Red's wrist he would return to hurt one of Chi Ling's own family. No, the police

were not the way to deal with such men.

So every day, as Red Ferguson swaggered down the aisle with his booty in hand, Chi Ling's family hid behind the meat case, chewing on their dirty apron strings, swallowing every myth of their manhood. Swallowing Red Ferguson, swollen and obscene, and a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Without emotion Chi Ling went to the closet where he kept the boxes of tea and ginseng root his brother sent him from San Francisco. He carefully removed each box until he came to the one he had placed on the bottom, looked over his shoulder to make sure that no one was in any of the rooms, and then placed it in the middle of the table.

He slid back the wooden lid and removed the long, thick pile of ginseng roots that covered the top. Then he removed the wooden filler and withdrew the .22-caliber revolver and a box of cartridges. His gnarled fingers flipped the cylinder to the side, and he filled all the chambers.

Then, just as deliberately as he had started, he placed the revolver in his coat pocket, put the remaining cartridges back in the bottom of the box and returned everything to its former position.

For three days after Ferguson's fight Hatcheck Wachala came to Red's loft and tended to his wounds. She brought him food and beer and carefully washed the cuts and bruises on his face.

When she finished cleaning on the third day, he rose from his dirty mattress like the Loch Ness monster and began to paw at Hatcheck's clothes. He tore her clothes off hurriedly, his big, rough hands squeezing her saggy tits, like weatherbeaten catcher's mitts. The sound of buttons falling to the floor punctuated her heavy breathing.

He turned her back to him so she could not see his battered face, not that they ever faced each other anyway. Red Ferguson ran his thick fingers down the crack of her oatmeal ass until he found the lips of her cunt. She winced under the bare lightbulb, beginning to mumble to herself. Red Ferguson pushed her down on the mattress, lowering his battered Levi's to his knees.

In the broken mirror that hung next to the bed he examined the quivering flesh in front of him, and the big blue-veined cock that bounced out in front of him like a diving board. His balls were buried in that jungle of red hair.

Red Ferguson worked the head in, watching Hatcheck wiggle and squirm as he did. He closed his eyes and shuddered as her cunt tightened. "Oh, God. Oh, God," she muttered. It was as

religious as Hatcheck ever got.

Then he rammed his huge cock into the black depths of her cunt, driving her forward with his bulk until Hatcheck's head banged the wall. Then he fucked her like a madman, twisting her arm under him like a piece of sculpture. "Ahh...oh fuck, oh shit," she cried, running through her entire vocabulary in one short sentence. Red fucked her like he busted heads, short and savage.

When the spasms started in his balls, the strength in his arms vanished, and he lay on Hatcheck like a lead mattress. Shuddering uncontrollably, he came like three buckets of whitewash, covering her thighs and ass in a mass of white goo. For several minutes they lay there, until Hatcheck rose, wiped the mess from her backside and left.

The next day she found a new boyfriend, a part-time law student whose father owned a shoe store. For hours Red Ferguson lay waiting for Hatcheck, until he realized that she would not come. It was one more nail in the coffin.

Finally, at 3:00 one afternoon, Red Ferguson's thirst outweighed his humiliation, and he took his battered face down 65th Street and entered Chi Ling's grocery. The old man saw the red hair bobbing above the aisles as Red walked toward the back of the store. Chi Ling's heart leapt, but he remained calm and seated as his right hand moved to his jacket pocket and flipped the safety catch off the loaded pistol.

The old man grew restless in his seat as Red stopped to examine the soup cans before stuffing several into his jacket pocket. Then he heard Red's booming footsteps head toward the beer cooler in the back of the store.

Softly the old man moved to within several aisles of the giant straining to pull a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon from the back of the cooler. When Red turned to balance the case under his arm, Chi Ling studied the cuts and bruises on his face for several seconds.

The Chinaman stepped from behind the animal crackers and pointed his pistol at arm's length. As their eyes met for an eternal moment, Chi Ling hurriedly pumped all eight shots into Red's chest. The first four didn't even budge him.

When the ambulance arrived, Red Ferguson was already dead. The cops took one look at the body, one look at the tiny old man, then took his gun away and patted him on the back. Six men carried the body out.

That night was the busiest weeknight anyone could remember at Dumbrowski's, with everyone drinking and laugh-

ing and telling their best Red Ferguson stories. The place was a steambath of sweating, laughing, straining bodies.

Walter Gibraltar was quieter than usual, filling glasses and politely ducking everyone's conversation, trying to hide the sadness in his battered face.

Even Louie the Pervert showed up, drinking boilermakers with the boys, flashing his gleaming dentures as he told everyone how he had stared down Red Ferguson the night he fired him.

Hatcheck Wachala sat at the end of the bar, drinking quietly. She wore the new black boots her future lawyer had given her. Dark Shadows sat next to her, looking like she always did.

For hours the celebration continued, until finally, at 2:00, the drunken patrons filed out into the street.

Walter Gibraltar breathed a long sigh of relief when everyone had gone. His body ached and his spirit fought against him, but still, as was his habit, he cleaned the bar from end to end. When he finished, he turned and looked at his boxing pictures hanging on the back wall above the cash register. He noticed, for the first time in months, how much dust had collected on the glass.

One by one he removed the pictures from their nails, wiping the glass slowly, gently, replacing them with the same pride and tenderness with which a man puts his children to bed. Then he hung his apron on a hook, locked the door and walked the three long blocks to his tiny apartment.

For hours Walter Gibraltar lay on his bed, his hands folded under his neck, staring at the twisted patterns of light the streetlamps made on his ceiling. He had never before been so overwhelmed by the animal inside of human beings, the joy that men get from the sorrows and deaths of other men.

He more than anyone should have hated Red Ferguson, and though he tried, he could not. He wanted to hate the drunken fools who had celebrated another man's miserable death, but he could not.

There wasn't enough of the poet in him, perhaps, to think that a bond might exist between two men who had fought so savagely. It is the purpose of this life, he felt inside the neon darkness, to make monsters of men.

He felt more hollow and alone than he had ever felt before. He cleared his throat, shifting his aching body from side to side, and fought back the tears that were creeping into the corners of his eyes.

Walter Gibraltar turned his face away from the light. He didn't understand. He didn't understand at all. ☹

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SEPTEMBER

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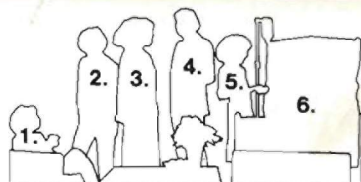
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